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APR. 1

Special beauty issue

THE EASY PRETTY HEAD

15 new coiffures... curls... ribbons...
how to buy a wig and how to
treat it... 25 quick beauty tricks

first look at the

NEW SUMMER CLOTHES

50 CHOICES

the fashion for scarlet

VITAMIN C

IS IT A LEMON?

an exclusive interview
with Dr. Linus Pauling

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gossips about her famous friends

for the first time

AUDREY HEPBURN

talks about love and life



THE SOUL CAR



Pinto by Ford.
Pinto is funky.
Pinto has klunk.
Pinto doesn't try to look
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Pinto isn't a compromise.
Pinto isn't a cop-out.
Pinto has the courage
to be itself.
The most original car
in America.
What you do with Pinto's
little body is what you do
with your own body.
You start with basic Pinto
and add whatever you want.
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you can get
automatic transmission.
If you don't want to miss
the commercials,
you can get a radio.
If you don't want to be alone,
there's plenty of room
for your six-footer friends.
And if you want to pass
that maddening bus,
you can whizz serenely by it.
Pinto is the little road-hugger
with a peppy 1600 cc engine.
Go to your Ford Dealer.
That's where Pinto is sold.
It isn't sold at Paraphernalia.
Even though it is a soul car.

PINTO Ford

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APRIL 1, 1971

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AVEDON

COVER: The face with more of everything—more mystery to the eye, more warmth and lusciousness to the mouth. A more openly seductive makeup is the idea, worked out here with the sheer ripened tonalities of Charles Revson's new Ultima II palette; among them, Smoke Rose and Ash Rose for the eyes, Charcoal Red lips. . . . The ruffled scarlet dress: Oscar de la Renta Boutique; Qiana nylon (Bloomsburg Fabrics). About $165. Mid-April, Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sanger-Harris. Oscar de la Renta chokers. Ara Gallant coiffure.

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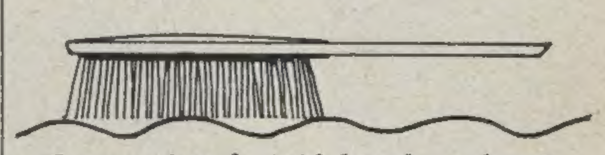


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most unique hair brush

Touch the uncommon *MP* to *your* top-ography . . . and you'll discover the "beautiful hair" secret of leading models and hair stylists.

Floating bristles—bobbing up and down in a patented *pneumatic rubber cushion*—adjust automatically to every curvy contour and beautiful bump of your personal head shape. Designed by Britain's brushmasters-without-peer to roll with your waves gently, yet firmly . . . with total brushing action that doesn't miss a stroke.

What a nice feeling to stimulate your normally sensitive scalp without the usual scratching . . . as you style and condition your delicate hair without the crushing, splitting or upending static electricity ordinary brushes generate!



Conventional rigid brushes play it straight . . . don't adjust to the curves of your scalp—so they hit the highs, miss the lows.



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ADELE SIMPSON'S mini-jump of black/white imported linen...how do I wear thee? Let me count the ways. As shown or with skirt reversed, with or without the pure silk print shirt...as a sleeveless short-cut jumper, add or take away the shirt...as shirt and skirt worn either side. Variations are endless...perfection, pure SIMPSON.

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Currying evening favor. Our rani's transparency,
gold-flickered brown, rimmed with gilt. $185.

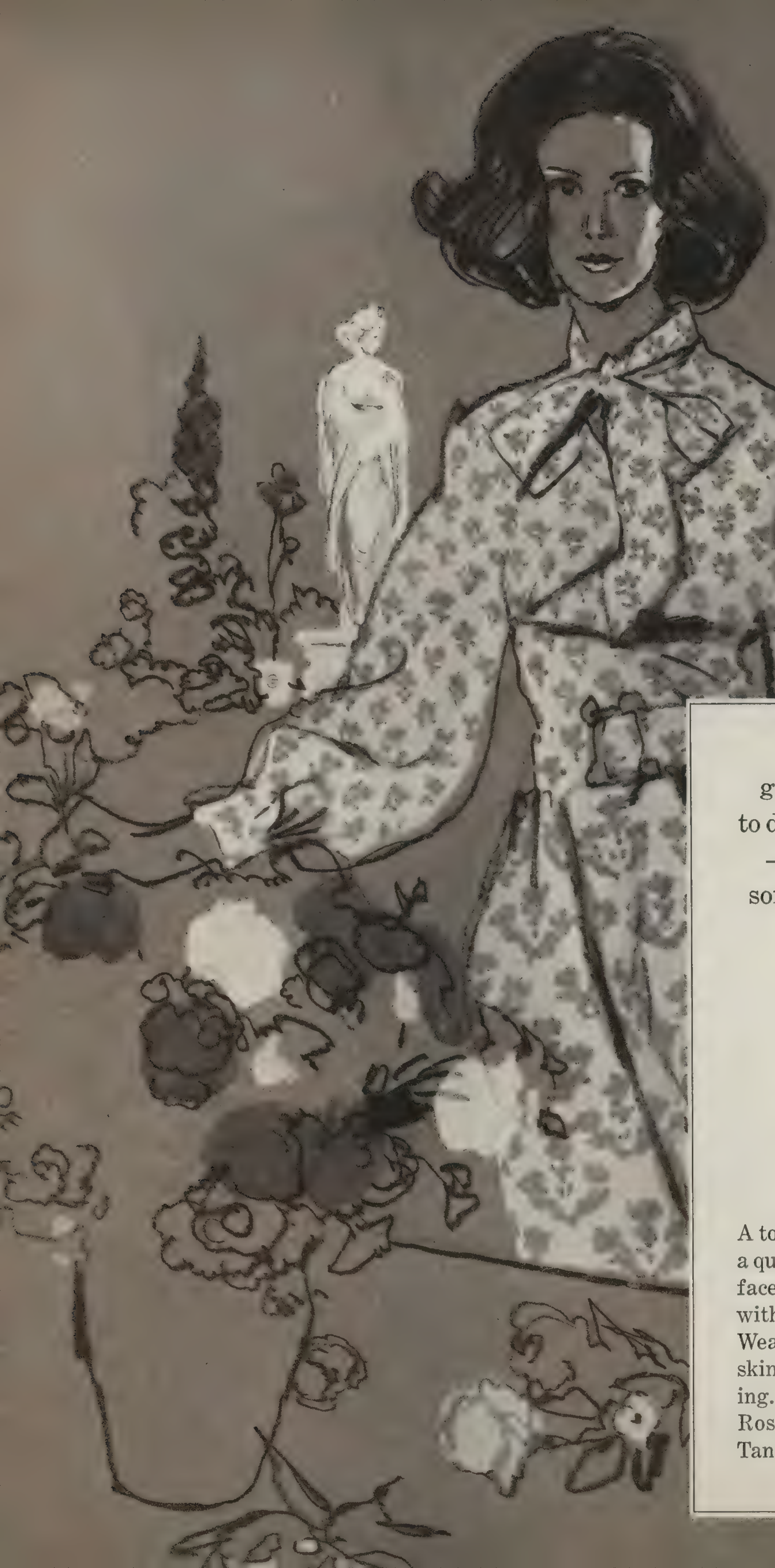


'It's amazing how these transparent shadows shed a kind of sunny south light that *illuminates* the eye.'

Charles Revson

'Ultima' II Transparent Eyeshadow Tints

For over-the-eye: Whipped-creamy shadows so sheer you can stroke them clear up to the brow, for an enormous, wide-open look—a luminous wash of color that *clings*. 7 sheer shades in chic little pots.
For under-the-eye. Transparent, moisturizing shadowtints in soft, 'un-obvious' pastels to blend in beautifully (edgelessly) and light up the eye from below. 6 petit-pots of fragile, delicate color.



'I've designed this
great face-coloring stick
to do what no *makeup* can do
—give your whole face a
sort of 'inner glow' of color.'

Charles Revson

'Ultima' II Ultra-Color Transparent Gelstick

A totally new kind of 'creamgel' in a quick little stick—that gives your face a lift of healthy young color—without a trace of makeup-y 'feel.' Wear it over makeup or over naked skin. Either way, the look is smashing. 7 shades: *Sunlit* Pink, Peach, Rose. *Bronzelit* Tawny, Copper, Tan, Umber.



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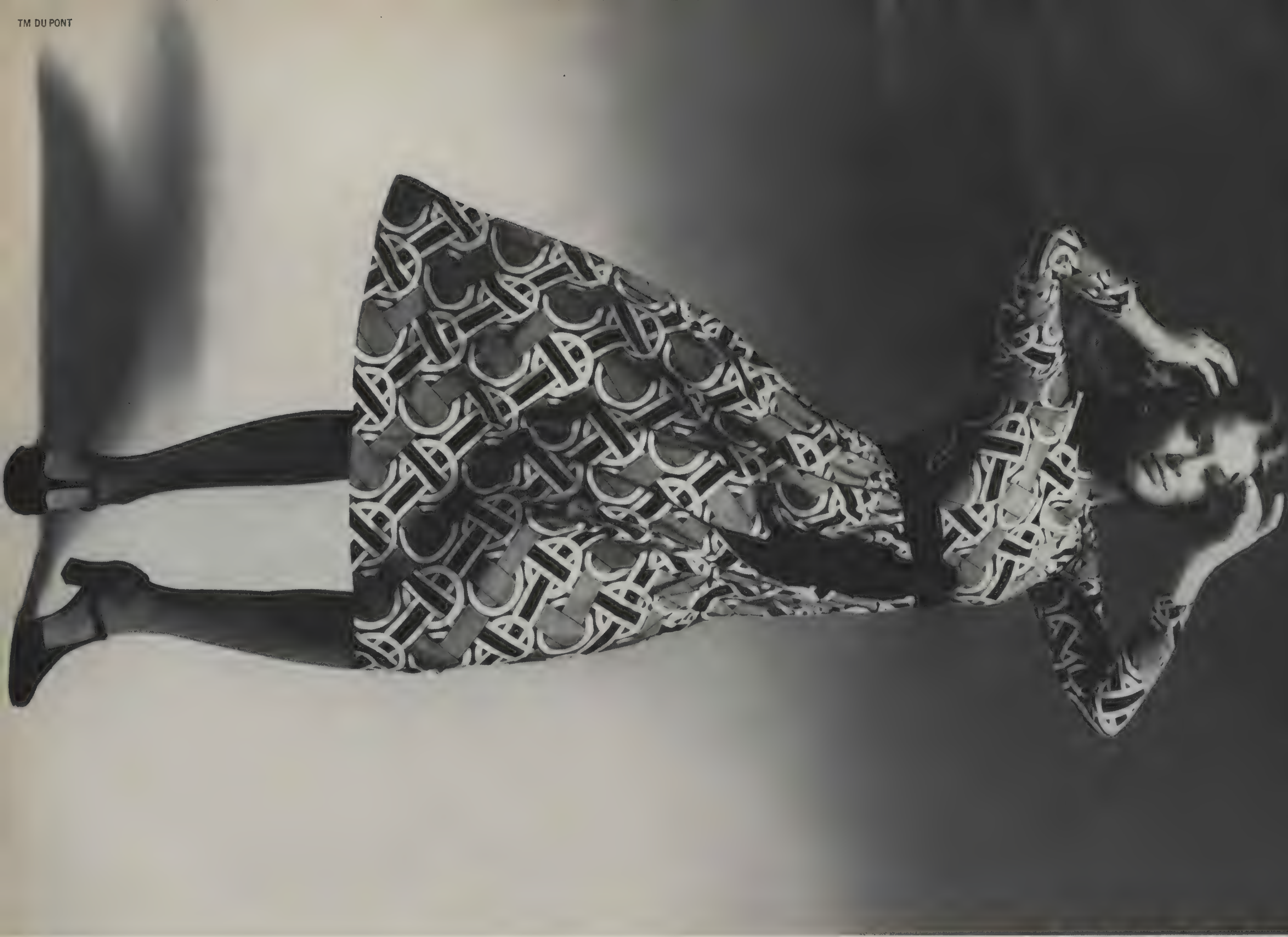
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By Gene Berk

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BEAUTY REPORT

SHE



WEARS

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Geminesse Enriched Moisturizing Make-up

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GEMINESSE
MAX FACTOR

Mrs. John Cassavetes

It's a totally enriching experience for your skin

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Valentino expertise

plays a navy-stitched white dress against a white-stitched navy jacket in this marvelous costume reproduced for Lord & Taylor alone. A great look, we think, done to perfection. 160.00 in Contempora, where the new Valentino collection is ready. Valentino hat, navy, red or white, 50.00
Lord & Taylor,
New York alone.

Jim Galate

calandre

le parfum de l'epoque



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



A slender expression knit in Trevira Star®. The triplet about $120. B. Altman & Co., Garfinckel's, Marshall Field & Co., Bullock's all stores.

news from 'Moon Drops'



Park Avenue Peach! Goldblush Pink! Golden Sable! Solid Gold Orange!



The mouth for the girl who has everything—and is out to get *more!*

The 'Goldengirl Mouth'

It gleams. It glows. It *glamors*. The mouth-of-the-year, dressed in the razzle-dazzle radiance of golden melons, peaches, pinks and brilliant bronze—colors to bask in, now through Summer. (Like turning your lips toward the sun!) Luscious, sexy shades that strike it *super-rich* in the famous 'Moon Drops' formula—with the most moisture, luster and shine ever achieved in a lipstick. So smile, beautiful. You're fashion's golden girl!

'Moon Drops'

Moisture-Creme Lipstick

by Revlon

when your real hair won't do



Dynel modacrylic is today's carefree way to look great every busy minute. Dynel fiber washes, styles, packs, restyles and stays looking so beautifully lustrous and life-like it practically grows. Insist on Dynel when you buy a wig or hairpiece; it's well worth the extra pennies.

DYNEL®

for girls with better things to do

UNION CARBIDE

JORDAN MARSH

NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST STORE

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR JORDAN MARSH IN PARIS



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See the entire import collection now in the Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop, Boston.

COTY ORIGINATES THE COUNTRY LOOK

IT'S LIPS RIPE WITH COLOR. RICH COLOR. ROLLICKING COLOR. COLOR YOU CAN GET ONLY FROM COTY ORIGINALS LIPSTICK COLLECTION.

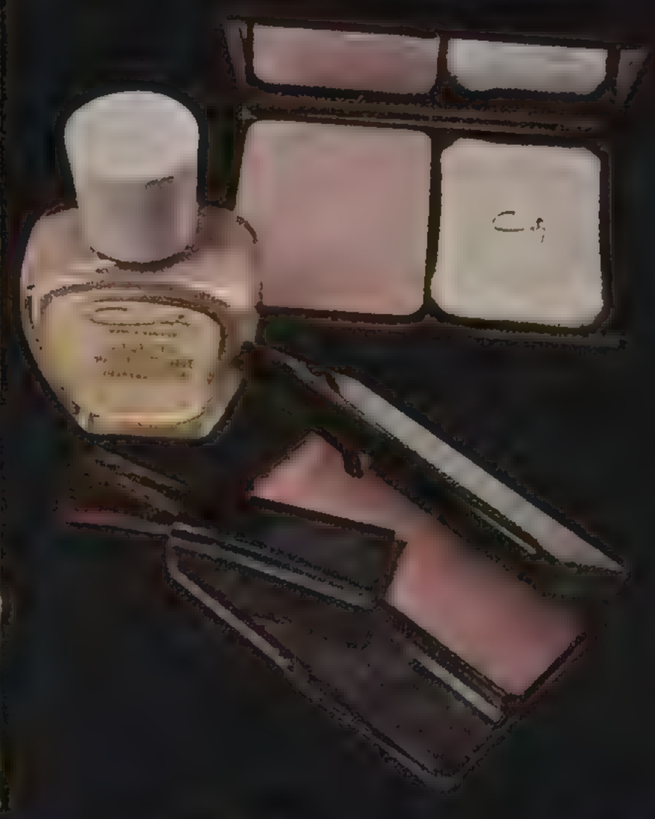
Country Colors for Lips. Four totally pure colors that come from a time when life was sweeter (and maybe richer): Orangewood. Applebutter. Country Melon. Pink Meadowsweet. Fresh, warm, lusty little tints to romp along with all the flamboyant things you're wearing now. Country Colors for Lips. In the very first Changeless Color Lipstick. Now even a city girl can look like she never left the frontier.



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CLOTHES BY GIORGIO DI SANT' ANGELO
COTY AMERICAN FASHION CRITICS' AWARD WINNER, 1970

IT'S A FREE, EXUBERANT, CLOSE-TO-NATURE FACE. A COUNTRY FACE THAT COMES ONLY FROM COTY ORIGINALS MAKEUP COLLECTION.

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Wild and joyous and
alive with color.
Like a thousand
young flowers bursting
open in a field.
The Country Face.
Blushers in the colors
of brilliant blossoms.
Frosted Coralberry.
Frosted Wineberry.
Frosted Pinkwood.
Frosted Chestnut. And a
flowing Liquid Makeup
that warms and rosies
the skin. And a soft,
shining white highlighter
like fresh milkweed.
And a splendid little
Compact Makeup to
carry your Country Face
wherever you go.
The Country Face.
It's all from
Coty Originals. They never
had it so dazzling
back on the farm.



COTY ORIGINALS



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FOAM MAKEUP
LOOKS LIKE
SHEER STOCKINGS.
COVERS LIKE
SHEER STOCKINGS.
SLEEKS LIKE
SHEER STOCKINGS.
AND YOU GET
ABOUT 24 PAIRS
TO A CAN.

Now that you've taken off your midi, your maxi, your longuette, your boots and your pantyhose, what are you going to do with your legs? Put them in Ultra Legs Foam Makeup. This marvelous light foam sweeps over your skin in a matter of seconds, covering all the freckles and veins and un-beauty marks. So your bare legs can run around smooth and silky and absolutely flawless. And because Ultra Legs won't cake or streak or drip or rub off, it never looks phoney. Ultra Legs Foam Makeup. In four Ultra new shades. It does everything a stocking does. Except run.

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GreatGoing Knits breaking on the scene now and sure to make an impact all summer long, everywhere. Soft status shapes in wonderful polyester doubleknit, machine-washable/dryable. Left to right: Tri-color sashed. White or navy, 8-18. Banded bravura. Navy/white or brown/white, 8-18. Sizzle stripes. Navy/red/beige or brown/black/beige, 8-18. Schiffli embroidered smash. Red, light blue or black, 10-20. Each about 28.00. Slightly higher in the West. At these stores and their branches and many others: Stern Bros., Paramus, N.J.; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Filene's, Boston; Levy's, Tucson; Capwell's, Oakland. Or write R. and M. Kaufmann, 1400 Broadway, New York 10018. A Division of Russ Togs, Inc. In New Zealand, Maida Vale, Ltd. In Mexico, Sherel, S.A.

The bra without, to wear with all.
Seamless Sea Dreams.



Brieflee® Seamless minimal bra†. Smooth Dacron§ tricot cups. Skinny Lycra§ stretch sides and back, $5.50. Fiberfill contour, $6.50. Other Brieflees from $5.00. Tiny Lycra® tricot stretch bikini††, $3.00. Brief, $3.50. Now-fashion colors plus white.

The Sea Dream® Collection by maidenform®

†All "Dacron" polyester tricot. Back elastic: nylon, "Lycra" spandex. Exclusive of decoration. ††Nylon, "Lycra" spandex. Exclusive of decoration. Prices slightly higher in Canada. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1971 by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles, lingerie and swimwear. §Du Pont Registered Trademark.

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Revlon





When your own hair just won't do ...try a Carousel wig for a change!

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"B&L shades do great things for your eyes."

Jean Shrimpton

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At right, The Shrimp dazzles in B&L's violet-hued "Belhurst." Below, Belhurst, with protective lenses. Her dazzling Persian print cape is by Calvin Klein.

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OPTIMUM OPTICS

B&L SHADES AT FINE STORES AND PROFESSIONAL EYECARE SPECIALISTS ACROSS THE COUNTRY.
BAUSCH & LOMB, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK 14602

When she bought this stunning Oscar de La Renta Boutique dress of Qiana®, she wasn't influenced by its easy care.

But the fact remains, fabric of Qiana* nylon does make this dress remarkably wrinkle-resistant and easy to keep clean. Most wrinkles it does pick up smooth out by hand. And water-soluble stains sponge away without a trace.

Still, we don't expect you to spend the extra money for "Qiana" for practical reasons like that. Buy it for its opulence and luster. Its radiant color, luxurious drape and overall feeling of elegance and style.

None of which does anything at all. Except look very great.

Available at Lord & Taylor, Famous-Barr, Gus Mayer Co., Kaufmann's, Joseph Magnin Co., in sizes 4-12, for about $145.

Qiana®
nylon

So luxurious you'd never suspect it's practical.

*Du Pont registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions.

DU PONT

A man's face.
It takes a beating every day.

It's a cold, hard world out there and unlike the rest of his body, his face must stand up to it alone. With no clothing to protect it. Every day his face must bear the hard edge of the razor, the drying gust of the cold wind or the relentless heat of the hot sun.

And so, if a man wants to keep his face looking strong, young and healthy, he must do more than just use some after shave every day.

This is why we created Kanøn Face Conditioner. It has all kinds of good, soothing things for his face, including a unique blend of oils and medications. To lubricate and help soothe, as well as to help protect his skin against chapping, peeling and drying.



In short, Face Conditioner will make his face look and feel like a razor hasn't spent years scraping at his skin, like the cold wind and the hot sun haven't taken turns drying it, aging it.

In addition to Kanøn Face Conditioner, for his face there is also Rich Shave Foam, After Shave, Astringent Face Scrub, Face Tone-Up Mask, Man's Bronzer, Man's Cologne.

For the rest of him, we also have a complete line of aids for a man's hair and body.

Kanøn. Because a man has the right to be proud of the way he looks.

kanøn

From Scandinavia, the look of health.

Kanøn, created by Scannon, Ltd., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019. Essential oils imported from Sweden. Packaged and blended in the U.S.A.

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Estée Lauder says
the mood and the moment are right
for the return of real makeup.





Dress by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo

© 1971 Estee Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski

The return of real makeup needs the beautiful beginning only Estée Lauder could give it. It needs Soft Cover Compact Makeup—her rich new perfecting foundation.

This year's face in fashion calls for a makeup that's outspoken, frankly alluring. Eyes smoulder, the mouth is vibrantly alive, and skin is like porcelain. Estée Lauder's Soft Cover Compact Makeup brings back real makeup in a totally new pressed cream formula that glides effortlessly across your skin, perfecting it to porcelain smoothness. Even the way it comes to you is perfect—in a sleek compact filled with six creamy flawless shades: Fresh Cream, Cling Peach, Tea Rose, Fresh Beige, Beige Blush or Country Tan.

Estée Lauder

We held hands and walked for hours. Pausing at each little shop along the way. So carefree--in a world all our own. What a day for love.
P.S. Glad I wore my new Craig Craely dress.





Jolénes®
are for walking
with him.

and they walk beautifully in colorful crinkle patent, the crushy look for spring. Jolénes are $9 to $12.

Write for FREE FASHION BOOK, Dept. V, Tober-Saifer Shoe Mfg. Co., 1520 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Missouri 63103. Leather refers to uppers.

Max Factor introduces beautifully gentle, yet ultra-effective face guardians. Each helps create the best possible living conditions for your skin.

SWEDISH FORMULA treatments

These amazing treatments are like a breath of fresh air for your face. Each is enriched with a bounty of beautifying essentials.

Try them. They create a totally new climate of complexion care. Then watch your face thrive on it!



Dermatologist tested.
Hypo-allergenic. Fragrance free.

The collection includes: Purifying Cleansing Lotion, Purifying Cleansing Grains, Purifying Facial Masque, Purifying Skin Toner, Enriched Moisture Lotion and Enriched Nourishing Creme.

Purely by
MAX FACTOR

All products made in U.S.A. ©1971 Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada

Monica Axell, Swedish Beauty
One of the beautiful purists whose life is far too active for do-nothing skin care.

TALON® 1971 ©BY TALON, MEADVILLE, PA.



AT A TIME WHEN A MILLION AND ONE THINGS GO WRONG EVERY DAY, IT'S NICE TO KNOW THERE ARE 3 BILLION TALON ZIPPERS GOING RIGHT.



When you're buying something with a zipper, or making something, look for the Talon name. We made the original zipper work back in 1912. And for the past 59 years, we've been putting all our time into making it better. You might say we've been spending *our* lives keeping the zipper from interfering with yours.

Talon®
THE QUALITY ZIPPER
DIVISION OF TEXTRON

Chantilly
Cream Sachet
can shake your
world.



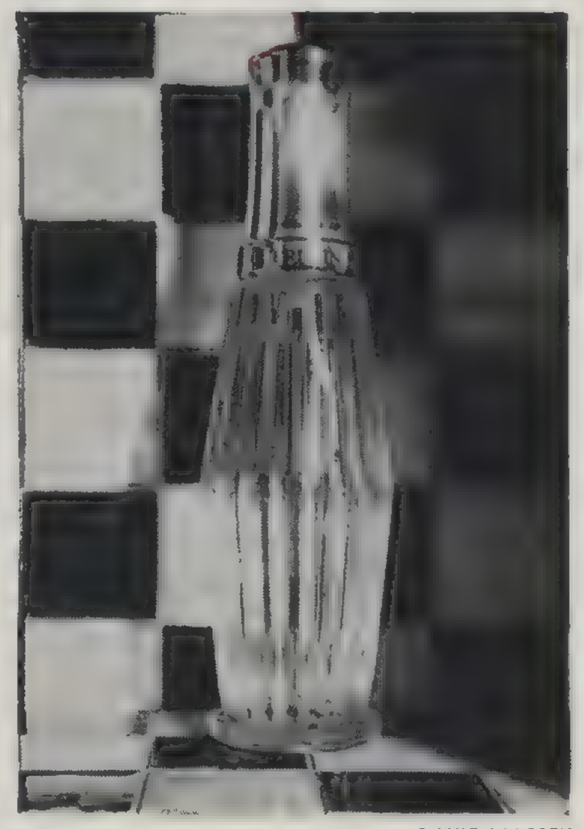
HOUBIGANT



Quelques Fleurs
Cream Sachet
The beginning of a
beautiful past.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

And the beat beats on . . .



DAVID MASSEY

When a scent produces spectacular vibes (which is an incontestable virtue of Chamade, Guerlain's latest and, think some, greatest), it can't be permitted to rest on its laurels. Nor has Guerlain, with the perfumery wisdom gathered over several generations, allowed this to happen. Chamade's warm throb of field flowers and Far Eastern sorcery—first served up last year as perfume—now compounds its rousing laurels in the additional whoosh of a spray cologne. A fingertip at the top of its fluted crystal-clear bottle can be responsible for some intense image-evoking. This scent is an activist. Before you spray, make sure your emotions are ready for a public airing. Chamade *can* reflect them . . .

Hair peace

Even the most self-assured types—those who provoke murmurs of "it's not fair" among others less blessed—admit to periodic bouts of indecisiveness re hair. Let it grow? Keep it short? Let the wisps fly where they may? Or exercise control? A charming new way to trucefully coexist with temporary hair conflicts is with Honey Bun, Leon Buchheit's inspired little clip-on chignon for disarming neck napery or for top-knotting an upsweep. A hidden barrette holds it fast to one's own hair, pulling together and tidying up stray ends. This paragon is to be found in millinery departments—in 30 colours to neaten coifs of every hue.

Clean living

The schoolgirl complexion so dear to poets and grandparents all too often turns out to be oily, bumpy, and given to lingering well past graduation day. Since the only control for touchy skin is to keep it relentlessly, immaculately clean, a barrage of bravo's is in order for new Neutrogena Disposables. These are tidy sponge-squares, especially surfaced to be both gentle and brisk, each one impregnated with the famous Neutrogena soap base that teems with anti-blemish medications (four, to be exact). The pads are to be used just once, and fizz into action when moistened, so it's a snap to do a speedy scrub no matter where you happen to be.

(More Ready Beauty, page 62)

Love your hair





Wella Balsam.

When your hairdresser uses Wella Balsam Instant Hair Conditioner, it shows instantly.

Your hair takes on new softness and shine. Wella Balsam repairs damaged hair and keeps healthy hair healthy. So good hairdressers have been using and recommending it for years. Regular for normal hair. Extra Body for fine hair. Only Wella makes the real thing. Ask for it by its full name. Wella Balsam.

The loveliest hair gets Wella care. Ask your hairdresser.

WELLA

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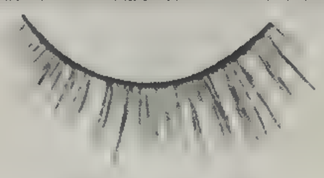


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self-renewing, floating-light, virtually indestructible.
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lashes, to keep them beautiful, since ANDREA made them
fashionable. In a fabulous flotilla of ANDREA styles,
at better cosmetics counters. $5.00.



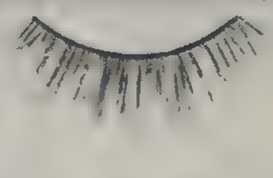
Dip-Tips



See Nymphs



Hi-Tides



Deep Sees





Scuba-Dubas



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ANDREA

Wash 'N Wear Eyelashes



Lifeboys (Tops and Bottoms)



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QUICHE SUBVERTED

A dozen delicious custard pies, some classic, some wild

By George Bradshaw

EDITOR'S NOTE ***These recipes are from the collection of delicious, easy-going, amusing, and occasionally curious recipes by George Bradshaw to be published this autumn by Harper & Row as* Soufflés, Quiches, Mousses and the Random Egg.**

"Quiche," says The Concise Oxford French Dictionary, "is a sort of thick custard, specialty of Lorraine."

And, indeed, in the beginning it was just that, a thick custard made with eight egg yolks, a pint of cream, and a pinch of nutmeg. Bathers in the chilly lakes of the Vosges Mountains liked to eat a slice as they were drying off.

The first variation I found in Escoffier. He says that the crust was covered with slices of lean cooked bacon, then the custard poured over that. He also says that the bacon may be mingled with thin slices of Gruyère cheese, but—and he points his admonitory finger—"This is contrary to local custom."

What kind of shaking finger would that purist point now? We, epigonous meddlers, have had at the quiche to a point where Lorraine shakes. Anything goes. Lobsters, cauliflower, anchovies, mushrooms; whatever is good is proper.

So now, a quiche is a custard baked in a crust, flavoured with whatever. The goodness of it depends on the crispness of the crust, for the fillings are no problem at all.

Therefore, a word about crusts: If you are a great pastry maker and know exactly what you are doing, follow your bent. But if you are not, and would like to know the way to make a rich and easy crust, here is one first written down by Sir Kenelm Digby three hundred years ago.

In a bowl place a 3-ounce package of cream cheese, add to it 3 ounces of soft butter (that's ¾ of a stick), and mash them together with a wooden spoon until they are completely combined; sprinkle over this ¾ cup flour and a dash of salt. Then with a silver fork fold the mass until you have a bowl full of tiny grains. You can pick this up now, and by kneading only once or twice, you will have a cohesive mass.

Put this in the refrigerator under a sheet of wax paper until it is very cold (some say overnight but actually 3 or 4 hours is enough).

An hour before you are ready to use the dough, take it out, roll it between 2 pieces of wax paper. It will make exactly enough for an 8-inch pie pan.

Fit it into the pan, crimp the edges, cover it again, and place it in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator. It *must* stay in the freezer for at least ¾ of an hour. Then take it out, jab it all over with the tines of a fork. and place it in a preheated 400° oven. Let it stay there for 6-7 minutes, or until it has just begun to colour. Then take it out, and it is ready to be filled.

I suspect, however, that rather than bothering with the above, what you will do is buy a ready-made pie shell. Surprisingly, there are some very good ones. Small baking companies all over the country are making them—and with real butter. You will find them in the frozen-food compartments in many markets; just be sure you get a good one.

The procedure with one of these is this: Remove the shell from your own freezing compartment, jab it with the tines of a fork, and place it immediately in a preheated 400° oven for 6 or 7 minutes. Then it is ready to be used.

Here follows a clutch of quiches:

The Usual Quiche Lorraine

1 cup grated Gruyère cheese
8 strips bacon, cooked and crumbled
3 small eggs
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup cream
Dash salt
1 8-inch pie crust, lightly baked

In a bowl beat the eggs with a whisk, add the cream, and beat again; add salt. Sprinkle the cheese in the bottom of the crust, do the same with the bacon: then pour over it the cream and eggs. Cut the butter into small hunks and dot the top of the quiche with it. Put the pan on a cookie sheet and slip it carefully—you hope it won't spill—into a preheated 350° oven.

Classically, it will be done in 40 minutes, but it may take a little less. The quiche is ready when it is puffed up into a dome and slightly browned. Take it out then, slide it off the cookie tin, and wait for at least ½ hour before eating. The puffiness will subside, so don't let that alarm you, this is not a soufflé. The correct temperature at which to eat it is pleasantly warm.

(Continued on page 66)



Great Body® Instant Conditioner © 1970 Clairol Inc.

Now there's a Great Body for everybody.

Now there's a Great Body® for your hair, no matter what kind of hair you have. Because now there's new Extra Fine Hair Formula Great Body.

Extra Fine Hair Formula does for girls with the finest, limpest, lankest hair what regular Great Body does for everyone else. It's specially made to do a little more for those of you who need it most.

But don't take our word.

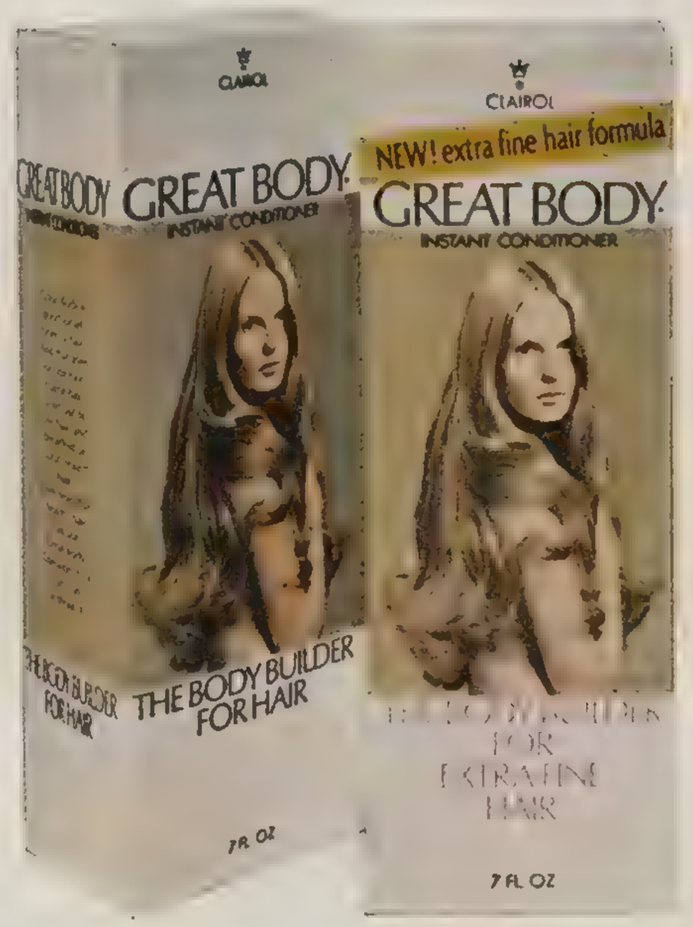
Take our pictures.

After shampooing, each of the girls above combed Great Body through her hair and set it. And what happened to each of them can happen to you. In the time it takes to dry your hair, you can practically feel it growing stronger and healthier, thicker and fuller, curvier and curlier. With more of the strength it needs to hold a set.

Great Body, the body-builder for hair.

Nobody should be without it.

And now nobody has to be.





Cole Skin Suits, worn by Miss TANYA,™ Two Piece $22. One Piece $26.

©1971 Tanya Hawaii Corp. Cole of California®—Another fine Kayser-Roth product.

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Can a lace bra feel and look skin smooth?

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Smooth-As-You™ is what we call it. It looks pretty much like any other bra. Until you wear it. Then it behaves like no other bra ever.

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And behind the lace we've added another layer of tissue tricot that makes Smooth-As-You amazingly *soft* to wear. Yet it is so *strong* that it gives Smooth-As-You a unique measure of support.

All the rest is stretch, to lift and separate and define. You look as good as you feel in Smooth-As-You. No artificial points. No angularity. No fakeness. Rounded. Smooth. Believable.

After all, we designed Smooth-As-You for the woman who thinks beauty should be believable.

And now, a woman who wants an extra measure of support (and great comfort) can wear Smooth-As-You, in the new underwire version.

You'll find Smooth-As-You at your favorite store, in A to DD cups, regular, underwire and longline.



Fashions by Chuck Howard

Smooth-As-You by Warner's

Warner's® designs the believable body

THE WARNACO GROUP



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So much to feel and do. Anything's possible. Go ahead and try it.
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Keep-easy hair by **Kanekalon®** modacrylic fiber

Don't wear
our $20 face
with
someone else's
eyes and lips.



For the woman who buys the world's costliest makeup, our Countess Isserlyn, let us recommend the only lipstick and eye makeup that do it justice. Ours.

Both our new Alexandra de Markoff Lipstick and Eye Makeup are composed with the same insight into beauty as Countess Isserlyn. And with the same fanatic desire for perfection.

Our Lipstick comes in 19 colors ranging from barely perceptible to startling. Our Shadowcake in 9 subtle shades.

And, when compared with our Makeup, they're almost inexpensive.

The Lipstick costs $5, the Shadowcake $5 and the Eye Makeup Kit $10.

Alexandra de Markoff: There's only one thing that will make you more beautiful than using one of our products. Using them all.

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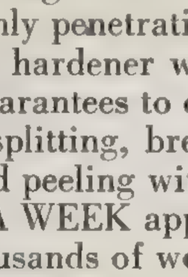
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

LEXERCISES: THE SHORTS SUBJECT



1

2

3

Who wears short shorts? Everybody wants to —with stockings and boots now, bare brown legs later. But *always* with slim, firm, marvellous-looking legs. If yours are less than that, don't give up hope. Here are three special exercise shortcuts: quick, easy, fun to do, and the only prop you need —probably a few feet away this very minute—is an open door with doorknobs. The super trio was schemed up for us by Anne-Marie Bennstrom, directrice of California's sunny Sanctuary health spas . . . and inventor of the nifty V-Bar exerciser.

1. FORWARD LUNGE

Position: Stand to left side of opened door, resting right hand on doorknob. Feet together, elbows slightly flexed. **Action:** Take a long step forward with right leg, spine straight, head up, and straighten back leg so that torso and leg are all in one line. Pull back up to standing position and do the same over again. Then change to right side of door using left hand on left doorknob. Repeat the same action. Action is in legs. Use as little aid as possible of arms and hands. Do six times for each side. **Benefit:** Shapes and firms back and front thighs; reduces and firms buttocks.

2. HALF SPLIT

Position: Stand with feet slightly apart, facing edge of opened door. Place one hand on each doorknob, elbows slightly flexed. **Action:** With right foot take a big step sideways and let rest of body follow. Return to standing position. Alternate to left leg. Use hands only for balance. Keep spine straight and put all the pressure of action on legs. Do six times for each side. **Benefit:** Inside and outside of thighs, fatty knee pads, and hips.

3. SQUAT

Position: Stand with legs slightly apart, facing the edge of an opened door. Place one hand on each doorknob, elbows slightly flexed. **Action:** With feet flat on the floor sit down into squat position until fanny touches the floor. Pull up to standing position, using as little help as possible with hands. Keep spine straight; that is, don't lean forward. Do twelve times. **Benefit:** Slims and firms front thighs and entire leg.

Farewell to the ugly cigarette. Smoke pretty. eve.



What a wonderful idea.
A cigarette as feminine as the ring you wear, the lipstick you carry. That's Eve.
With pretty filter tip. Pretty pack. Rich, yet gentle flavor.
Women have been feminine since Eve. Now cigarettes are feminine. Since Eve. For the lady with taste.
Also with menthol.

Filter: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
Menthol: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method. (Jan. '71)


STRAW HAT
Season's
Faberge Division Faberge Incorporated, New York, N.Y.



Greetings.

'Tis the season for Straw Hat, the fragrant essence of spring and summer. Captured by Fabergé in perfume, cologne and bath accessories. Time to wish yourself a Merry Springtime and a Happy New You. Time to put on your new Straw Hat by Fabergé

Perfume, Cologne, Bath Powder, Soap, and seven other fragrance products make up the complete Straw Hat line. Available Spring and Summer only at finest stores.



TENDERLY. 100% Modacrylic. From the Ghedini Collection at fine department stores and beauty salons everywhere.

I have created a playground for men's hands.

I, Armando Ghedini, adore women. I have created a wig for other men who adore women, too.

My Tenderly wig. It is wash and wear. It comes in lots of beautiful colors.

Men will soon make it famous among women. Because I have designed it with a wispy front, that can be combed any which way, for men to tousle. And with a long nape, for them to smooth around the swanlike neck of some breathtakingly feminine creature.

Men become inspired and impetuous when they are near women who wear the Tenderly.

That is why women are so grateful to me.

Be grateful for Ghedini.

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Mary Kay reintroduces the birthday for women over thirty.



A few years ago you stopped counting birthdays and started counting wrinkles. Now you can start celebrating.

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We discovered the hidetanner's discovery; combined it with a few bright ideas of our own and arrived at a product that could change the entire complexion of America.

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create sunshine all around her
by the clothes she wears,
the fragrance that is her
own ambiance, her own
atmosphere. I have created
this new parfum just for her."

—Hubert de Givenchy



GIVENCHY III
the beautiful environment

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Gwen Davis: a novel way of dieting

On a recent sunny California day, Gwen Davis breezed into the Bistro for lunch, tossing brown hair, blinking bright brown eyes, and displaying the exuberance you'd expect from an author with a success story—*Touching*. This, the latest in a line of novels that includes *The Pretenders* (written "deliberately" as a best seller), zeros in on a weekend encounter-group session. Our own encounter with Miss Davis touched on another best-selling topic—dieting. Not long ago, her now trim 120-pound self was nearly a 200-pound self, a weight that 5′5″ doesn't carry very well. She reached 182 while on a diet, peaked at 198. But that's all a thing of the past—"I suddenly decided to put my head in a different place and in one-and-a-half years I lost 80 pounds and completely changed my life style. It's a form of brainwashing. I tell myself that everytime I don't eat, I give myself a present. I admit to myself that I'm meant to be obese and that if I relied on what would be a normal diet for most people, I would still be fat. The over-all theory is to continually pick at the food on a plate during the meal, at the same time eating very little. I separate food, divide food, I'm constantly moving it from one side of the plate to the other. All the while, I keep my mouth very busy munching teensy morsels . . . piece by piece. If I'm at a dinner party the hostess never sees me sitting idle. I'm looking for a piece of celery or onion and I'm always scraping off mayonnaise. . . ."

Miss Davis shys away from old-reliable diet foods, but doesn't fear tackling a diet-breaker like a gourmet restaurant—"I never interfere with the restaurant selection. I skip everything that looks really easy to eat, for the usually good diet foods *are* easy to eat—steak, lamb chops, etc. If I order an egg roll, taking the outside off and eating the inside takes ages. With chow mein, it takes me forever to find the bean sprouts. If it's an Italian restaurant, I search out the carrots in the minestrone, spend time looking for the cheese and meat in the lasagna, and with veal parmesan it takes me an enormous amount of time to remove the breadcrumbs and the cheese to uncover a tiny piece of veal, which I eat. No one seems to notice what I'm doing and by the time I've rearranged everything the waiter is ready to take the plates away and my plate is still half full."

Even a round of press parties poses no threat: "At cocktail parties with hors d'oeuvres, I slowly remove the cover of the pigs-in-the-blanket before eating. I try to limit myself to one drink a day and one of my favourites is a bull shot. I also drink white wine; feel vodka is best for the dieter. I've heard that vodka makes you witty and scotch makes you dull." What about Gwen Davis's own kitchen?—"At home I may eat one small piece of cheese and at the same time prepare my husband a glorious many-course meal. I'm convinced that if you're really hungry, the first thing you eat will satisfy you. . . . It would take the second coming of Hitler for me to eat a hot-fudge sundae. . . ."

A little filling in

If you're not one of the conscientious every-six-months-I-visit-the-dentist people, you may be in for a big surprise the next time you do go. Or if those wince-some words, "You have a cavity," bring to mind the all-too-bright gleam of gold and silver, you may have a bigger surprise. The newest filling doesn't shine in the least; in fact, you won't even see it—called Adaptic, by Johnson & Johnson, it's a neat balance of plastic and porcelain in paste form which hardens as soon as it's pressed into place. Blends in with your teeth to fool the rest of the world. Since it is so new, there hasn't been a chance to check up on longevity, but in principle it should last very well. Remember, though, only a dentist can judge when and if Adaptic can be used in your particular case.



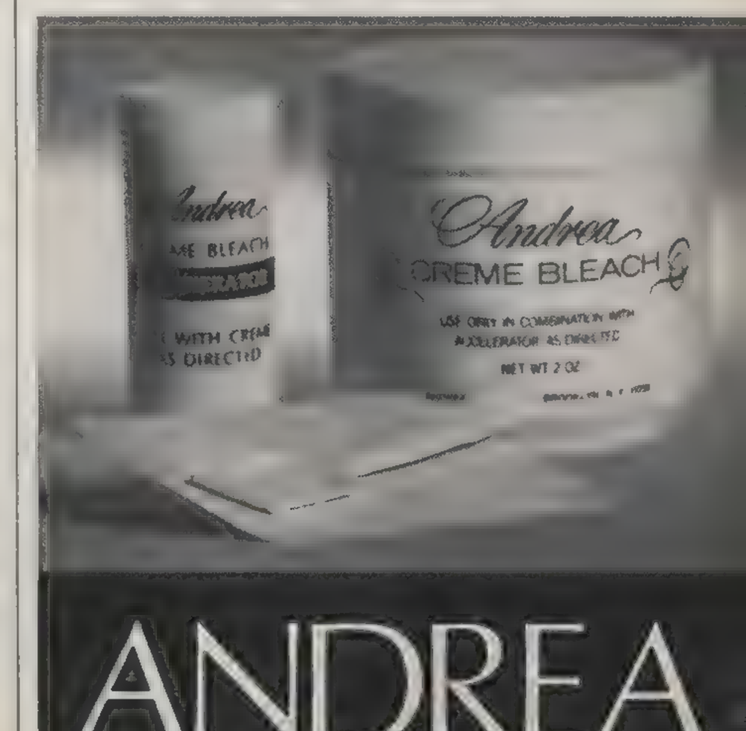
New Super-Lightener Creme Bleach Liberates Women From Unsightly Hair

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY



Garden of earthly delights

Stendhal's back—the skin treatments and maquillage housed on the Rue Royale in Paris are once again available on these shores. Among the retrouvés is a line of born naturals: Sanseverina—the name itself conjures up a sunny, flower-filled village and that's the whole idea. Every Sanseverina product is made of "bio-stimulating" plant elements, those parts which have a specific cosmetic action and are said to be readily absorbed by the skin. For good measure other natural ingredients—yummy herbs and spices like thyme, sage, and camomile—are mixed in. Everything's soothing, fresh, and fragrant. One particular delight is Le Masque, culled from seaweed extracts—completely invisible, it can even be worn under makeup to firm skin all day long. More natural goodness: Creme Riche Active, honey-coloured nightcream; Émulsion-Base moisturizer; and Lait De Toilette makeup remover. There are even six shades of liquid makeup and four in a tube to choose when it's time to paint the lily. . . .

Slip into something delicious

. . . and nothing's more delicious—or relaxing—than a good half hour's soak in a warm fragrant tub. A great get-away from the flurry-scurry of the day, and better still when shared with an old friend—Prince Matchabelli's Abano Bath Oil, an out-of-this-world scent that's been getting in hot water since the '30's. Now a whole new generation of water babies are onto its rich, exotic fragrance and softening ways. One young bath-taker we know says it's done away with her extra bath-and-after paraphernalia. The only other soothing she needs comes from a tub-side transistor. . . . (More Ready Beauty page 72)

Love Thy Neighbor

This message of unity is brought to you from Paris by L'Air du Temps.
The romantic Nina Ricci perfume.





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Warm, embracing colors of the earth that glide on your face and shine with an unearthly light.

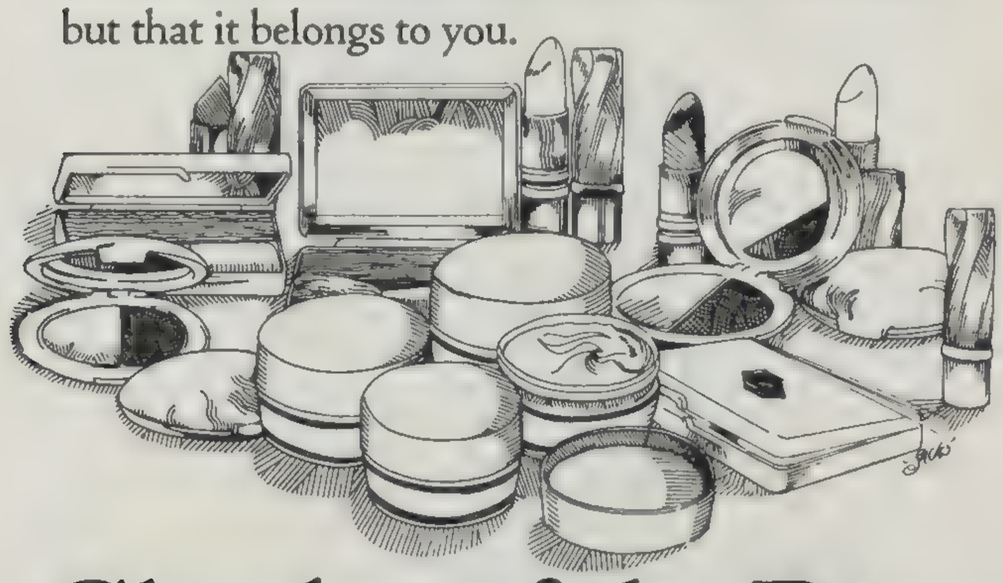
The glow of the good earth.

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The Face of the Earth Collection. To make you look not so much like you belong to the earth, but that it belongs to you.



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ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

QUICHE SUBVERTED

(Continued from page 44)

An Alsatian Quiche

3 small eggs
1 cup cream
8 strips bacon, cooked and crumbled
¾ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup grated sweet onion
1 8-inch pie crust, lightly baked

In a bowl beat the eggs with a whisk, add the cream, and beat again; add the grated onions and beat yet again.

Sprinkle the bacon in the bottom of the shell, with the Parmesan over it; then pour over the cream mixture. Dot the top with bits of butter.

Place the pan on a cookie sheet and slide into a preheated 350° oven. It will take about 40 minutes. Cool for at least ½ hour before serving. (You can, of course, vary the above recipes by using just bacon and onions or just cheese and onions.)

Note: The Alsatians, if you listen to them, claim also to have invented the quiche; and who knows, they are right next door to Lorraine. The phenomenon may have occurred in the two places simultaneously. The difference between them is this: The Alsatians almost always included onions in their quiche.

Crab Quiche

3 small eggs
1 cup cream
¾ cup grated Gruyère cheese
Dash salt
1 cup fresh crab meat
2 tablespoons butter
1 8-inch pie crust, lightly baked

In a bowl beat the eggs with a whisk, add the cream, and beat again.

In the bottom of the crust lay the crab meat, cover it with the cheese, then pour over the cream mixture. Dot with butter, put the pie on a cookie sheet, and slide into a preheated 350° oven for 40 minutes. Cool for at least ½ hour before serving.

Lobster Quiche

3 small eggs
1 cup cream
Dash salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup coarsely chopped cooked lobster meat
½ cup minced celery
¼ cup sherry
1 8-inch pie crust, lightly baked

Boil the celery in a little water for 7 or 8 minutes, or until it is just beginning to soften. Drain it, place it in a bowl with the lobster, pour over this the sherry, stir, and allow these ingredients to commune with each other for ½ hour or so.

Now, in a bowl, beat the eggs, add the cream, beat again. Arrange the lobster-celery mixture into the bottom of the crust, pour over it the cream mixture, dot with butter.

Place the pan on a cookie sheet and slide into a preheated 350° oven. It will take about 40 minutes. Allow to cool for at least 30 minutes before serving.

Quiche Du Barry

3 small eggs
1 cup cream
1 small head cauliflower
1 cup grated Gruyère cheese
2 tablespoons fresh grated Parmesan cheese
2 tablespoons butter
1 8-inch pie crust, lightly baked

First, place the cauliflower, head down, in a pan of boiling water. Cook until it just begins to be tender—10 or 12 minutes. Remove from the pot and cool; cut into small florets.

Beat the eggs, add the cream, beat again.

Place the Gruyère cheese in the bottom of the crust, cover it with the cream-egg mixture, then dot the top with the cauliflower florets (generously). Push them down a bit to be sure they are covered with the cream. They will pop back up again, and when they do, sprinkle the Parmesan over them.

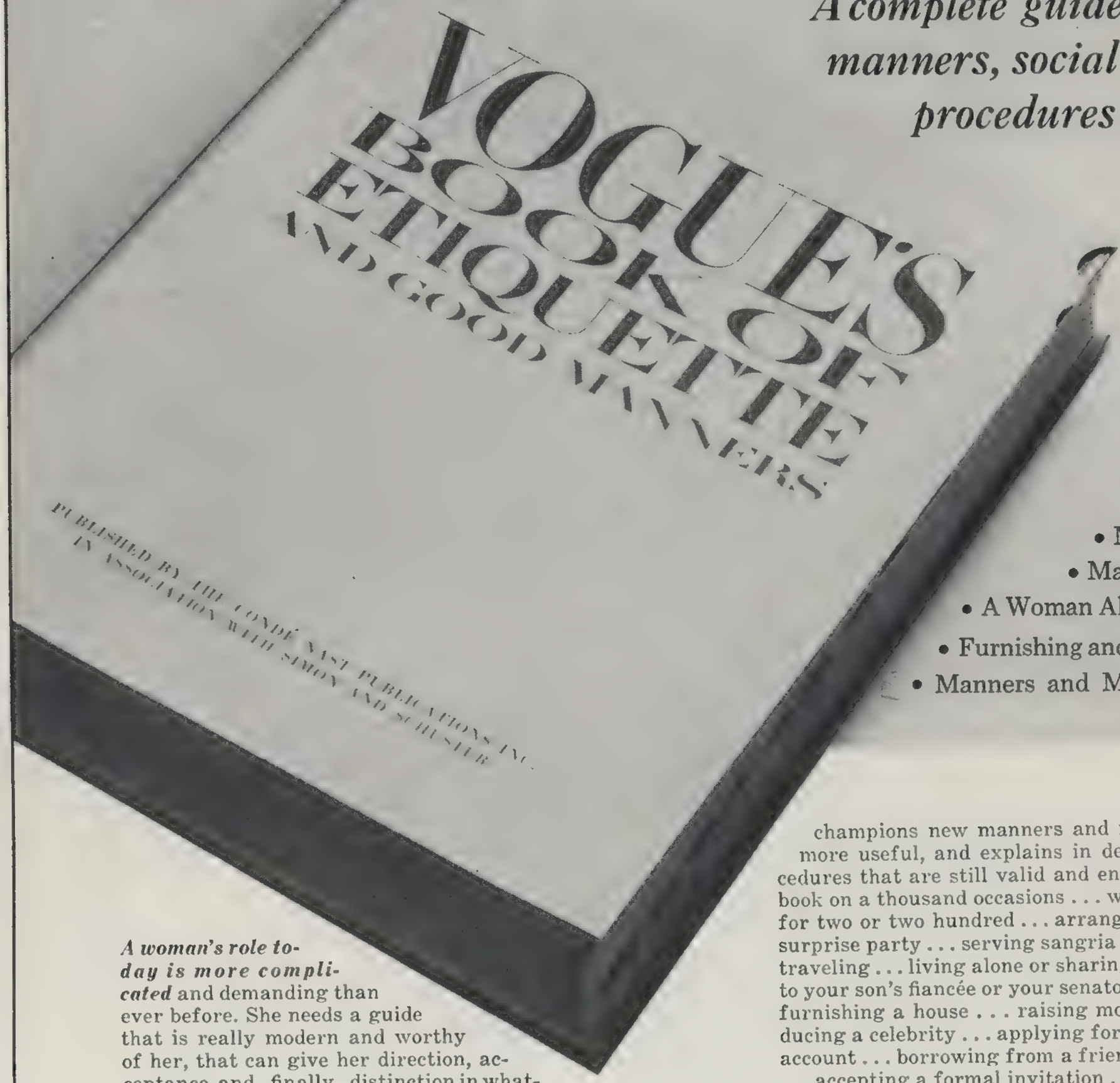
Dot the quiche with butter, put the pan on a cookie sheet, and place in a preheated 350° oven. Cook for 40 minutes or

(Continued on page 78)


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Linda Saatsaz



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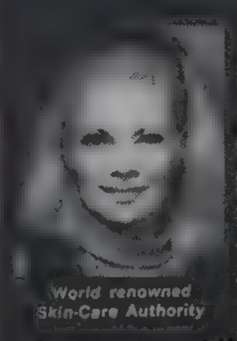
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Control data

Blah-haired holdouts from hairsprays are about to become true believers, according to the word from the stylist set. Ellen Kaye's Final Net is a spectral mist in a spray bottle that captures one's coif and holds it as securely as Aunt Mae's hairnet but is impossible to detect by sight or touch. It seems that moisture-repellents ward off the wilts so not a hair bogs down in humidity nor flies in the face of the wind. Though it approaches self-sabotage, only hairdressers have it.

Now there are three

Monsieur de Givenchy never promised anyone a rose, jasmine, lily of the valley, bergamot, and tangerine garden. The more reason, then, to turn handsprings over the one he's cultivated, liquified, and bottled under the name Givenchy III. He botanized this —apparently between sessions of running up those super clothes— by grafting the zing of citrus to the coolth of wayward woodland sprouts, then overtoning with the heady stuff nosegays are made of. A blend to inspire some emotional handsprings and like cavorting by the fortunates who come within sniffing distance of a pulse-quickened application. There are two ways to indulge oneself with new Givenchy III: Parfum and Eau de Toilette. For the former, self-preservation is part of the G. III parcel; the bottle is encased in a shield of darkened plastic to protect the contents from light (on which fine perfume is known not to thrive). All in all, an immensely worthy addition to the fragrance family renowned for such history-making sibling scents as Le De and L'Interdit.



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All six effervescent colors come in the famous Le Lipstick case, the prettiest accessory your purse ever had. Make it with Eleglints.
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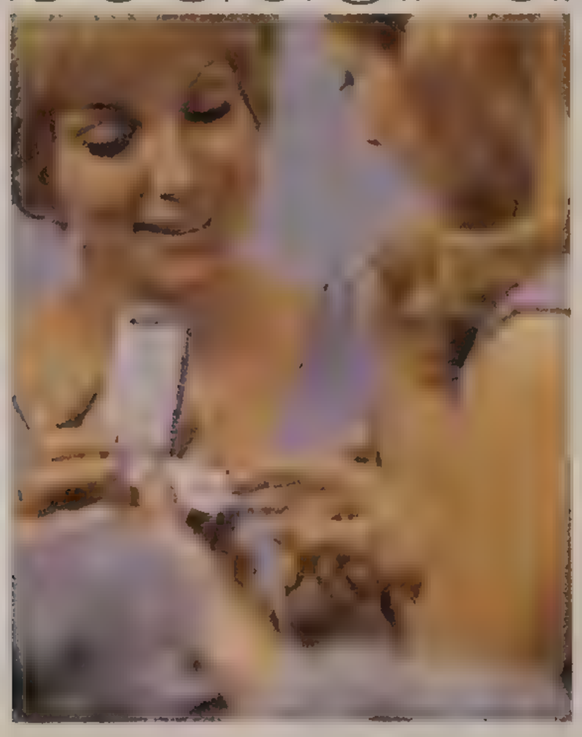
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QUICHE SUBVERTED

(Continued from page 66)

until ready. Cool for at least ½ hour before serving.

Quiche with Tuna Fish and Mushrooms

3 small eggs
1 cup cream
2 tablespoons butter
1 small can tuna fish
1 cup thinly sliced fresh mushroom caps
1 8-inch pie crust, lightly baked

Sauté the mushrooms gently in a little butter until they just begin to wilt. Then add the tuna fish, well-drained, and separate it lightly with a fork.

Beat the eggs, add the cream, and beat again.

Place the mushroom-tuna mixture in the bottom of the crust, add the cream mixture, dot with butter.

Put on a cookie sheet in a preheated 350° oven for 40 minutes or until ready. Cool for at least 30 minutes and serve.

Quiche with Puréed Chestnuts

3 small eggs
1 cup cream
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup chestnut purée
Dash salt
A little extra cream and butter
1 8-inch pie crust, lightly baked

You can buy unsweetened chestnut purée—it comes in a can from France, naturally. When you take it out of the can, it is very stiff. Scoop out a cup of it, place it in the top of a double boiler, add a little cream and butter, heat, and mash with a wooden spoon until you have a smooth purée. Add salt rather generously, but taste before you become too generous; the salt, you will find, brings out the taste of the chestnuts.

Beat the eggs, add the cream, and beat again.

Then pour the chestnut purée into the pie crust. Add the cream mixture, dot with butter, and place the pan on a cookie sheet into a preheated 350° oven for 40 minutes or until ready. Cool at least ½ hour before serving.

Quiche with Anchovies and Black Olives

3 small eggs
1 cup cream
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup thinly sliced black olives
2 tablespoons anchovy paste
1 8-inch pie crust, lightly baked

Beat the eggs with a whisk, add the cream, and beat again. Add the anchovy paste, beat again.

Scatter the sliced olives over the bottom of the crust, pour over it the cream mixture, dot with butter.

Slide on a cookie sheet into a preheated 350° oven for 40 minutes or until ready. Cool for at least 30 minutes before serving.

Quiche with Duxelles and Bacon

3 small eggs
1 cup cream
2 tablespoons butter
1 shallot
¾ pound fresh mushrooms
Some extra butter
8 strips bacon, cooked and crumbled
1 8-inch pie crust, lightly baked

First, make duxelles. Chop the mushrooms, stems and all, rather finely. Peel and mince the shallot. In a heavy skillet, melt 3 tablespoons of butter, add the shallot, stir for a moment, then pile in the mushrooms. Turn down the heat to low. It will take about ½ hour for the mush-

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Illustration by Frank Mell

rooms to cook: They will become very wet after a moment. You must push them around occasionally with a wooden spoon. They will be done when all their moisture has been driven off. They will look black and buttery.

Cook the bacon and crumble it; beat the eggs, add the cream, beat again. Place the bacon and duxelles in the bottom of the crust and then add the cream mixture. The duxelles will float to the top, rather, so push them down with a spoon so they are well covered with the cream. Dot with butter, place in a preheated 350° oven for 40 minutes and allow to cool 30 minutes before serving.

Italian Quiche

3 small eggs
1 cup cream
2 tablespoons butter
3 links sweet Italian sausage
1 fine large ripe tomato
Freshly ground black pepper
Chopped parsley
1 8-inch pie crust, lightly baked

Slice the sausage rather thinly and sauté it in a very small amount of butter until it is well cooked. Then drain it on absorbent paper and pat it dry.

Peel a tomato, loosening the skin either by dipping it into boiling water or by holding it over a gas flame; core it and squeeze out the seeds; then chop it coarsely. Cook tomato in a pan with a little butter until it is just beginning to soften.

Beat the eggs. Add the cream and beat again.

Place the sausage and the tomatoes in the crust. Then sprinkle with black pepper. Add the cream mixture, sprinkle it with chopped parsley over the top, and dot with butter. Place on a cookie sheet in a preheated 350° oven for 40 minutes or until ready, then allow to cool for 30 minutes before serving.

Quiche Divan

3 small eggs
1 cup cream
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup grated Gruyère cheese
1 cup chopped cooked chicken meat
½ dozen thin slices cooked broccoli
1 8-inch pie crust, lightly baked

Beat the eggs, add the cream, beat again.

Place the broccoli slices in the bottom of the crust. Cover with the cheese and then the chicken. Pour over this the cream mixture, dot with butter, and place on a cookie sheet in a preheated 350° oven for 40 minutes or until ready. Cool at least 30 minutes before serving.

Spinach Quiche

3 small eggs
1 cup cream
2 tablespoons butter
Pinch mace
1 pound fresh spinach
Salt and pepper
1 8-inch pie crust, lightly baked

Beat the eggs, add the cream, and beat again.

Wash the spinach under running water, and remove all the stems; pile the wet spinach into a largish pot, add no water. Cook over a medium flame. Keep turning and stirring. In 5 minutes it will be done. Drain thoroughly in a colander and then with a pair of scissors cut the spinach into tiny pieces. Season with salt and pepper.

Place the spinach in the crust, then add the cream mixture, sprinkle the top with mace, and cut in the butter, dotting the top. Place on a cookie sheet in a preheated 350° oven and cook for 40 minutes or until ready. Allow to cool for 30 minutes before serving.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Flag-waving début party for Katrina Vanderlip


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VITTORIANO RASTELLI

Within the magic circle of the Veneto, Mrs. Joseph Olliphant Lambert, an extraordinary Texan who lives part of the year in Dallas and more of it in Italy, gave a party for her California goddaughter, Katrina Vanderlip, who brought along plane-loads of American friends. At her Palladian villa near Vicenza, Mrs. Lambert combined mediaeval flag-throwers and Southern food prepared by her American cook.











1. Miss Katrina Vanderlip and Mr. Henrik Vanderlip, her twin brother. 2. Sr. Giovanni Abdenego; Mrs. Joseph Olliphant Lambert, the hostess; and Mr. Timothy Hennessy, the American designer of the banners. 3. Miss Nina Renshaw dancing. 4. Guests at the buffet. 5. Guests between dances. 6. Mr. Peter Lauritzen and Baronessa Maria Teresa Rubin Cervin Albrizzi. 7. Mr. Kelvin Cox Vanderlip, Miss Katrina Vanderlip, and Mr. Xavier Delcourt. 8. Mrs. Thomas Blase Coleman. 9. Miss Marie-Louise Gustafsson, Mrs. Göran Jansson, and Miss Ann-Christin Gustafsson.



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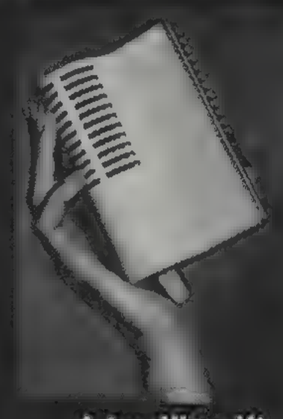
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BRAUN

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Franglais fête—a French supper-dance for Americans


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When Ambassador and Madame Charles Lucet invited guests to an Evening in Montmartre, a tent was set up for dining and dancing in the French Embassy garden, transformed into the Place du Tertre with paintings on easels against a backdrop of the Sacré-Coeur and a café for cold buffet supper with tables with red-and-white checkered bistro cloths. The benefit dollars went to the Embassy's near neighbour, the new cultural centre of the Alliance Française of Washington.





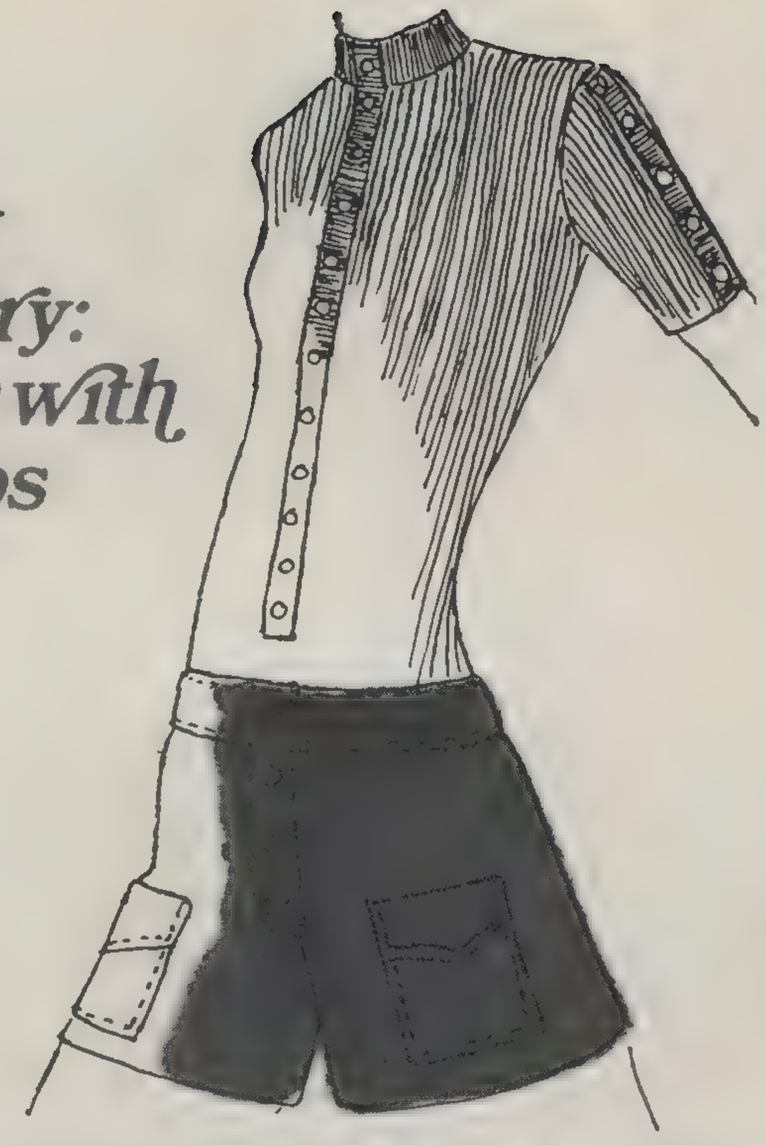






1. Dr. James E. La Follette, President of the Alliance Française of Washington; Mme. Charles Lucet. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Wynant D. Vanderpool, junior. 3. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Nigra, Miss Lorraine Rowan. 4. The Hon. and Mrs. R. Sargent Shriver, junior. 5. Mr. Huntington T. Block, Mrs. Albert J. Beveridge, III. 6. The Secretary of Housing and Urban Development and Mrs. George W. Romney. 7. Senator and Mrs. Birch E. Bayh, junior. 8. Mr. J. Carter Brown, Mrs. Constance Mellon Byers. 9. Mrs. Nicholas Brown, Mrs. Philip Cook, Mr. Albert J. Beveridge, III.

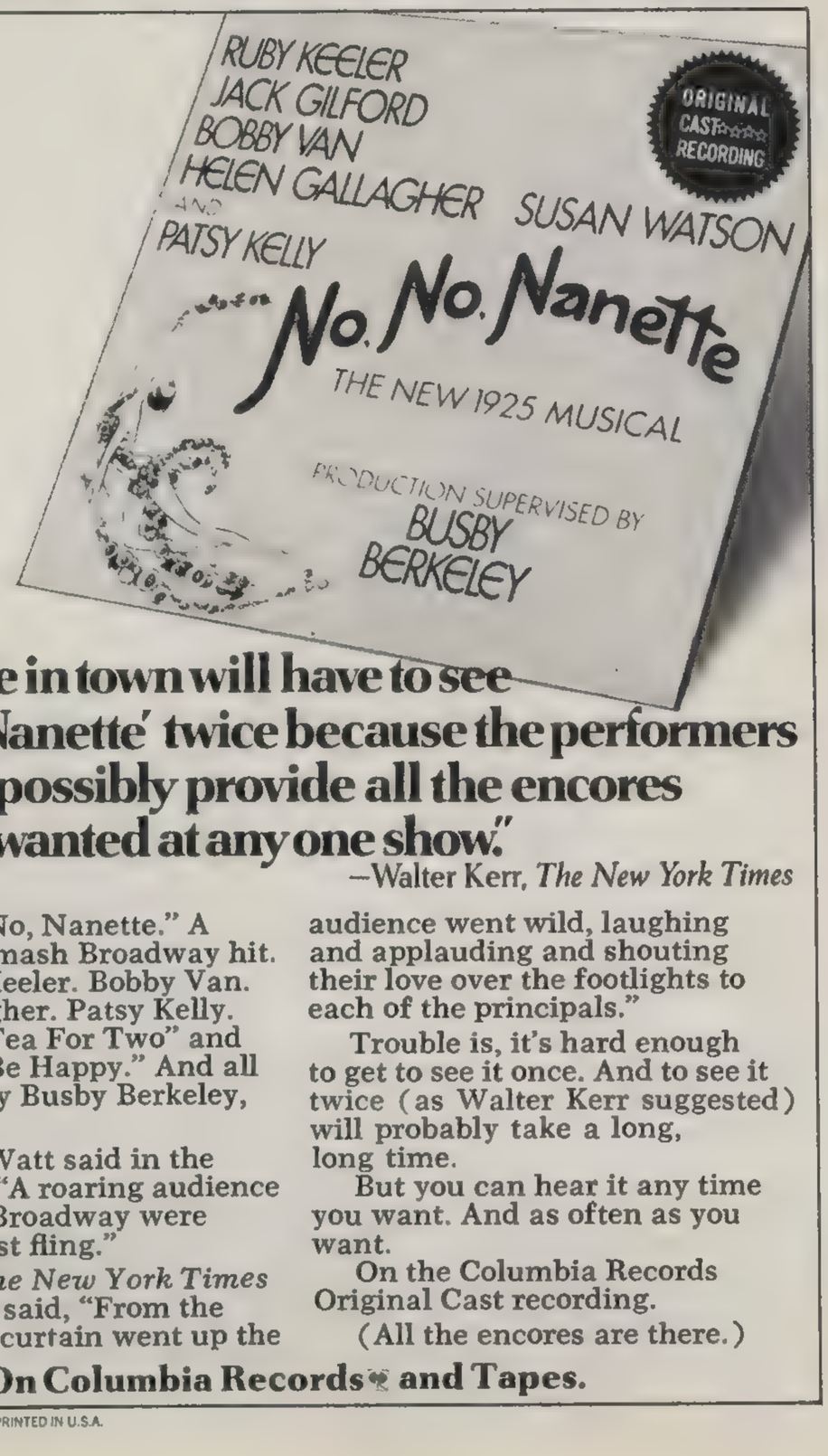
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—Walter Kerr, *The New York Times*

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Douglas Watt said in the *Daily News*, "A roaring audience took it as if Broadway were having its last fling."

And in *The New York Times* George Gent said, "From the moment the curtain went up the audience went wild, laughing and applauding and shouting their love over the footlights to each of the principals."

Trouble is, it's hard enough to get to see it once. And to see it twice (as Walter Kerr suggested) will probably take a long, long time.

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Cook laughing

and puff up a few treats light enough for the aerospace program

By Maxime McKendry

Le rire aide à digérer, and laughter helps the cooking, too. In Paris, two amusing young men—Michel Warren and Yves Larsen—have written in French a tiny, funny cookbook, *The Anti-Steak,* subtitled "A Little Treatise on Culinary Dandyism" and published by Éditions Denoël. Here are two of their recipes:

Devil's kisses	***Beat the whites of 3 eggs into snow-white rigidity. Exaggeratedly season with Cayenne pepper. Add salt and 2 tablespoons of grated Parmesan cheese. Mix. Drop by teaspoonfuls into boiling oil. When golden brown, remove with a slotted spoon. You should obtain tiny meringues to be drained on paper and dusted with paprika. Serve hot at the cocktail hour and you will have devilish luck!***
Egg-stravagants	***Boil 6 eggs for exactly 5 minutes, but do not boil 5 eggs for 6 minutes! If you decide to boil 12 eggs, do not cook them 10 minutes, but 5. . . . Anyway plunge them into boiling water to which ¼ cup coarse salt has been added. Remove eggs and let them jiggle around under the cold water faucet until completely chilled. Meanwhile hand whip 1 cup heavy cream and incorporate, drop by drop, a scant tablespoonful of mineral water, preferably Perrier; this must be ice cold. In this way, you should obtain an extremely light, fluffy Chantilly cream. Add salt and freshly ground pepper. Gently mix in roughly chopped fresh tarragon. Place the eggs, peeled, in a slightly convex dish. Cover each egg with Chantilly cream and garnish with crossed tarragon leaves. We advise you to go heavy with the pepper and to be generous with the tarragon!***

Also in Paris, the Hôtel Vendôme serves this airy breakfast dish—but only to order, wafted up by room service. Serve it accompanied by champagne.

Poached-egg soufflé *(four servings)*	***2 tablespoons butter*** ***2 tablespoons flour*** ***1 cup milk*** ***Powdered mustard, salt, pepper*** ***½ cup grated cheese*** ***8 eggs***	***Melt butter in top of double boiler, stir in flour, cook gently. Slowly stir in milk and season to taste. When thickened, add cheese, stir, and remove from heat. Cool for a few minutes, then stir in 4 raw egg yolks; do not cook. Cool mixture over cold water. Beat 4 egg whites very stiff, and lightly poach 4 eggs. Fold whites into sauce very gently with a spatula. Fill greased soufflé dish half full, arrange poached eggs on top, cover with remaining mixture. Set dish in shallow pan of boiling water, bake in preheated 350° oven until puffed and browned, 30 minutes (do not go over 5 or 10 minutes extra or lower temperature).***

Another Paris recipe, this one from Prunier—the venerable fish restaurant at 9 rue Duphot. Here is one way that Prunier serves shad roe:

Shad roe with oranges	***Season the hard roe of a shad and cook it in butter. Place it on the serving dish, squeeze over a few drops of lemon juice, and scatter a little chopped parsley. Surround with orange sections and sprinkle with foamy nut-brown butter. Serve with endive salad.***

East India salad	***6½ ounces cooked crab meat, fresh or canned*** ***6 tablespoons tarragon vinegar*** ***1 tablespoon chili vinegar*** ***or ½ teaspoon chili powder*** ***2 tablespoons olive oil*** ***1 anchovy fillet***	***3 celery hearts, 1 head endive*** ***1 small bunch chives, salt*** ***Crush anchovy with a fork and mix with crab meat, oil, vinegar; season with chili and salt. Clean and chop vegetables, toss all together just before serving. Good for luncheon with grilled cheese sandwiches.***
April (rhubarb) fool	***Take equal quantities of rhubarb and yoghurt. Try to get goat's-milk yoghurt, which is sweeter and creamier than the commercial kinds; it's available in health-food stores. Cut the rhubarb stalks in chunks, cook in water to cover, flavoured with raw sugar and a curl of lemon peel. Purée the rhubarb in a food mill —this will remove the fibrous parts. Mix with yoghurt and chill.***	

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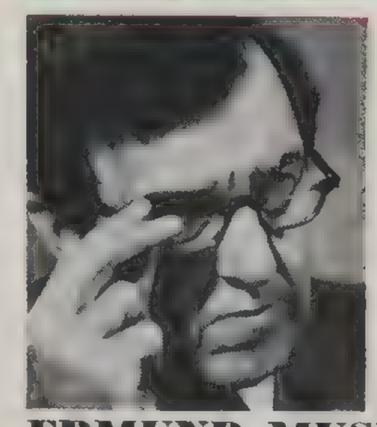
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FROM APRIL 1
THROUGH APRIL 15

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



EDMUND MUSKIE

Born March 28, 1914, with both Sun and Moon in Aries, Senator Edmund S. Muskie has a chart that emphasizes originality, a desire to lead—to pioneer, and abundant energy. Sympathy is there, and willingness to serve the people. Like all who attract public attention, he has the planet of judgment in the sign of fame—Aquarius. If a tendency to live in the mind does not slip into self-absorption, this man, quick in perception, would resolve problems with precision.

ARIES, March 21–April 20. Now, during the period of your birth sign, the annual flow of power stimulates you to look for new ways to conquer your world through your will. New thoughts, fresh ideas are popping, but a surprise element forces you into a highly organized state during the first half of the month. Keep your attention on a steady course; the results will be an enduring foundation for your future successes.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. Your steady power finds any effort simple, once you know all the facts. But some confusion about truth could cause costly errors now; do not rely on the opinion of others. Postpone the most important activities until a more secure time, and turn in another direction until doubt subsides. At the end of the second week, the reasons will become quite clear. Delay will save you from serious bungling.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. Your restless desire to begin an expressive activity is blocked by others who fail to support your program. You come close to finding the reasons for their procrastination, when everything seems to come to a halt at the end of the first week. Your versatile nature is never at a loss, so finish up this period by working on an old, unfulfilled hobby idea that has needed just such a free time.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. You may be startled into a resistant mood by the over-activity of some talkative friends. Their ideas completely confuse you, and not to understand always blights you. Not until the full moon the second week do you grasp the meanings of the postponements and failures of the first week. Stand back and watch the action—you will learn how to handle this situation when it happens again. Now: intermission.

LEO, July 24–August 23. The power of the Sun (your ruler) now stimulates your fiery nature. The first day of the month, you set the scene dramatically; but then the pace begins to slow, and you have trouble getting through to (Continued on page 88)

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Continued from page 86

vogue's HOROSCOPE

others. They may seem to disagree or to be going in another direction. Press on, and by full moon—the second week—you will be able to revive your program by replacing your original idea with a more progressive one.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. Patience and understanding may be needed, for the planet of communication (Mercury, your ruler) is in a stubborn attitude resisting coercion. Misunderstandings abound. Evaluations are difficult. As the full moon approaches, the second week, all motion seems to slow down. With the fastest communicator in the slowest sign, planetary forces are declaring a mental holiday, giving the world a breathing spell.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. Your harmonious personality may be ruffled by the over-reacting of those around you. Alert and balanced, you can handle them with sympathy. Undue haste and upheaval are disturbing to your health. If you are asked to make a decision or to sign an agreement during this controversial period, postpone action until after the full moon, the second week; then the heavenly aspects will be more favourable.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. It is natural to you to enter every project with intensity and momentary dedication, but this one time you choose a cautious path, sensing detours ahead. You are right. Play a waiting game, and gauge the advantages of every play to avoid having to re-do and so to waste energy. As the period moves toward its end, you will find that—just as you suspected—time was the factor that could not be forced.

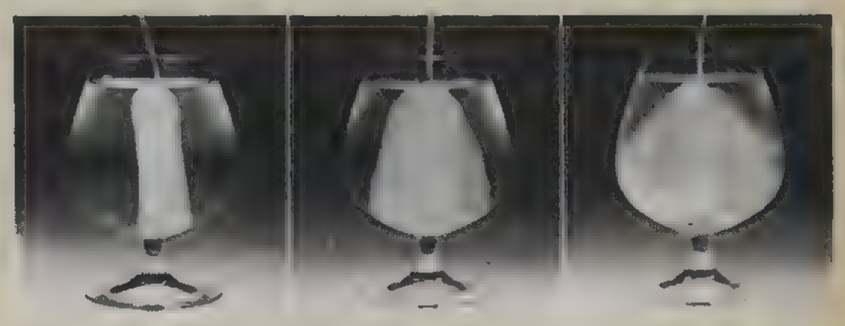
SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. The spring Sun suits the enthusiasm of your Fire sign, and your natural optimism may carry you through this indecisive period. You will sense that promises may not be kept—that love should not be sought. Then, as always, you can turn to your love of ideas for romance. You might use this slow time to return to some projects that are unfinished; as this period ends, yours is just beginning.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. You may be faced by a duty that requires an unusual method to put things right. You will need to persevere in this unique situation. Patience and time will save you. At the full moon, the second week, the answer comes through a new friend. Understanding of the reasons removes the difficulties, restoring peace. Rest now, pay attention to your health, and prepare for the next round of successes.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. A time of inaction lasting through the first week may seem strange to a history maker of your calibre. Then at the full moon, during the second week, you will be aroused by a group of new friends with a project suited to your talents. Enter into the idea slowly; the quieter your acceptance, the more assured the outcome. Success depends on Jupiter—the planet that is your most influential partner.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. You are fascinated by a creative thought with powerful possibilities. Entering a new venture always gives you pause. You are right in hesitating. Ponder the matter until action seems inevitable. Each full moon brings a message to the world, but few read it right. You are closer to such vibrations than most. Seek clarification at flood tide, then act as the period ends. Your success is assured.

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Spring things:

new wearwithalls, sudden showers

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1

CHARLES TRACY


3


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Good ideas: ***Stephen Burrows*** is loaded with them, now they've turned to men's wear . . . starting this month at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street, men can find things like the great white wool cardigan that Stephen wears, **4,** with brown leather detailing, snap closures. High-waisted navy wide-wale corduroy pants stitched in red. . . .

4

Putting it on: Good things too seldom come in small packages . . . favourite colognes, for instance . . . big bottles seem too much, too bulky for a weekend trip. Bravo to Swank's Royal Copenhagen Cologne, now in handsome, handy two-ounce bottles at $3.75 . . . great to tuck into a Dopp kit with room to spare for other grooming indispensables. . . .

April showers?




5



Who knows? ***Baron Arnaud de Rosnay*** is set for anything, though. . . . **5.** Out onto Park Avenue with a sleek swagger stick of wood and leather . . . looks like rain, so . . . shoot the stick and, presto . . . a handsome umbrella with a sturdy handle. Arnaud found it at Ram Dam, 130 rue de la Pompe, Paris. . . .

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Asparkle like sunbeams on morning dew.
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Frances Denney

APRIL 1, 1971

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Pull your tummy in taut,
lift up tall from the waist—it's so easy
you can do it with both eyes shut.
And in no time flat you'll be on a really smooth
stretch, warming up to all the wonderful
sunny days ahead. Like Goldie Hawn,
$tarry in the new film *$* and at right, baring
her nice trim midriff between a knotted
shirt and low-belted shorts. The whole thing of
shaping up gloriously is what we've
got on our minds this beauty issue. Some ways
take a little more effort, but from
shining head to shining toenail, all the
new eye-opening ways to good looks are here—
and all ready for you to make your own.
Shirt by Malbe, in navy Qiana nylon (Rosewood
fabric). About $30. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's;
Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Matson shorts.
Chokers by Celia Sebiri, at Henri Bendel. Belt
by D'Naz. Goldie Hawn's coiffure
by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

GOLDIE HAWN

AVEDON

the loving world of Audrey Hepburn Dotti and her family in their swiss farmhouse

BY CURTIS BILL PEPPER

On a spring day in Rome, Audrey Hepburn Dotti and Curtis Bill Pepper took a stroll along the River Tiber to discuss what she felt to be most important in her life at this time. Here is what she said:

"If you know someone's fears, you also know something of their joys, and what I fear most in all the world is war, especially human suffering.

"During the Nazi occupation of Holland in the last war, I saw so much of it—families with little children, with babies, herded into meat wagons—trains of big wooden vans with just a little slat open at the top and all those faces peering out at you. And on the platform soldiers herding more Jewish families with their poor little bundles and small children, like my own children, tiny little Seans and Lucas.

"There would be families together and they would separate them, saying 'The men go there and the women go there.' Then they would take the babies and put them in another van. I tell you, all the nightmares I've ever had are mingled with that.

"People all have fears, but mostly they are distant and unknown to them. They are afraid of death which they haven't gone through, they are afraid of getting cancer which they don't have, they are afraid of getting run over which hasn't happened. But I've known the cold clutch of human terror. I've seen it, I've felt it, I smelt it, I've heard it. . . .

"That's why the peace of my home and the love of my husband and children doesn't seem to me a small and limited life. Because all the things in it are enormous in themselves. That my child can eat three meals a day and be free and with no danger of somebody banging on the door. That I'm not afraid of somebody taking Andrea away or that he is going to be picked up in the street. Or if he's an hour late, maybe the Germans got him. . . ."

Andrea is Dr. Andrea Mario Dotti, the Roman psychiatrist whom Audrey married on January 18, 1969, at the Swiss lakeside village of Morges—a quick distance from her villa, La Paisible, at Tolochenaz.

"So you see that my enormous joy in the warmth and affection of my family is not because I'm an old lady who (Continued on page 100)



AUDREY HEPBURN AT LA PAISIBLE, the serene house in sky-blue Switzerland that offers all that its name, "the peaceful," encompasses. Audrey Hepburn Dotti lives with and among the things her swift life has taught her to treasure—with her husband and her two children, the infant Luca (photographed with her here) and Sean Ferrer, and among her flowers, wild, cultivated, ravishing, in perfect bloom as her life seems ever to be. At La Paisible, a skip from Lac Léman, this enchanting actress and woman chooses "to live with a man I love, to create a home around us and the children." *Right:* The bedroom at La Paisible, where blues whisper against white and only the canaries raise their voices, speaks of comfort, simplicity, and nostalgia. Wicker is everything here, from sofa to writing desk. Above it, Dr. Dotti's painting of La Paisible.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY CLARKE



Audrey's Loving World



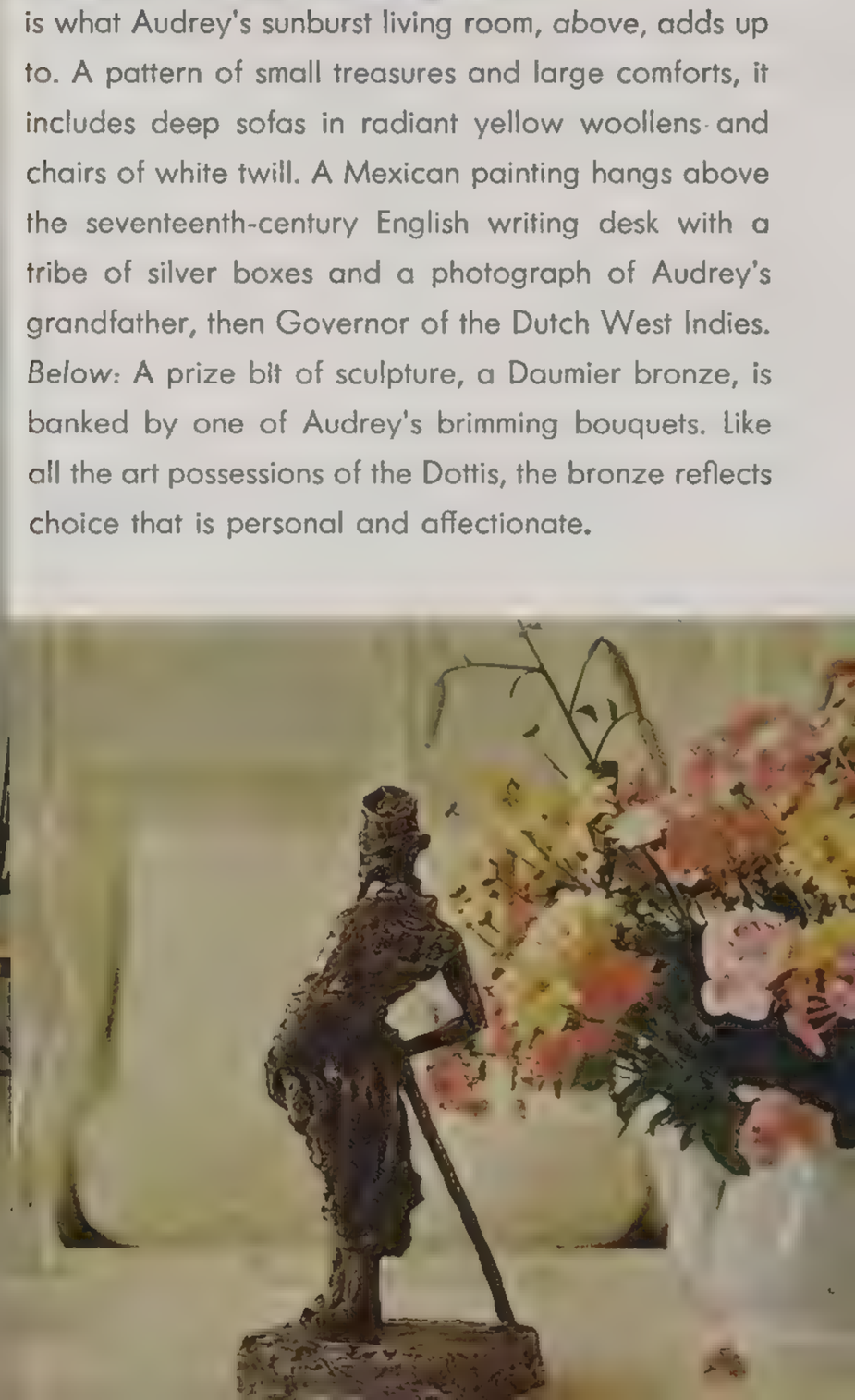


The Dottis' real home,
"even more a real home than our apartment in Rome, because it has a garden and trees," is an eighteenth-century farmhouse, *above*, surrounded by an orchard, rimmed by green fields, grey stone. The dining room, *below*, all peace and pleasure, holds a seventeenth-century trestle table, eighteenth-century candlesticks, and modern chairs in an agreeable clean-lined spirit. Over the sideboard hangs a nineteenth-century print, "Stable Scenes," by Fores.

HENRY CLARKE



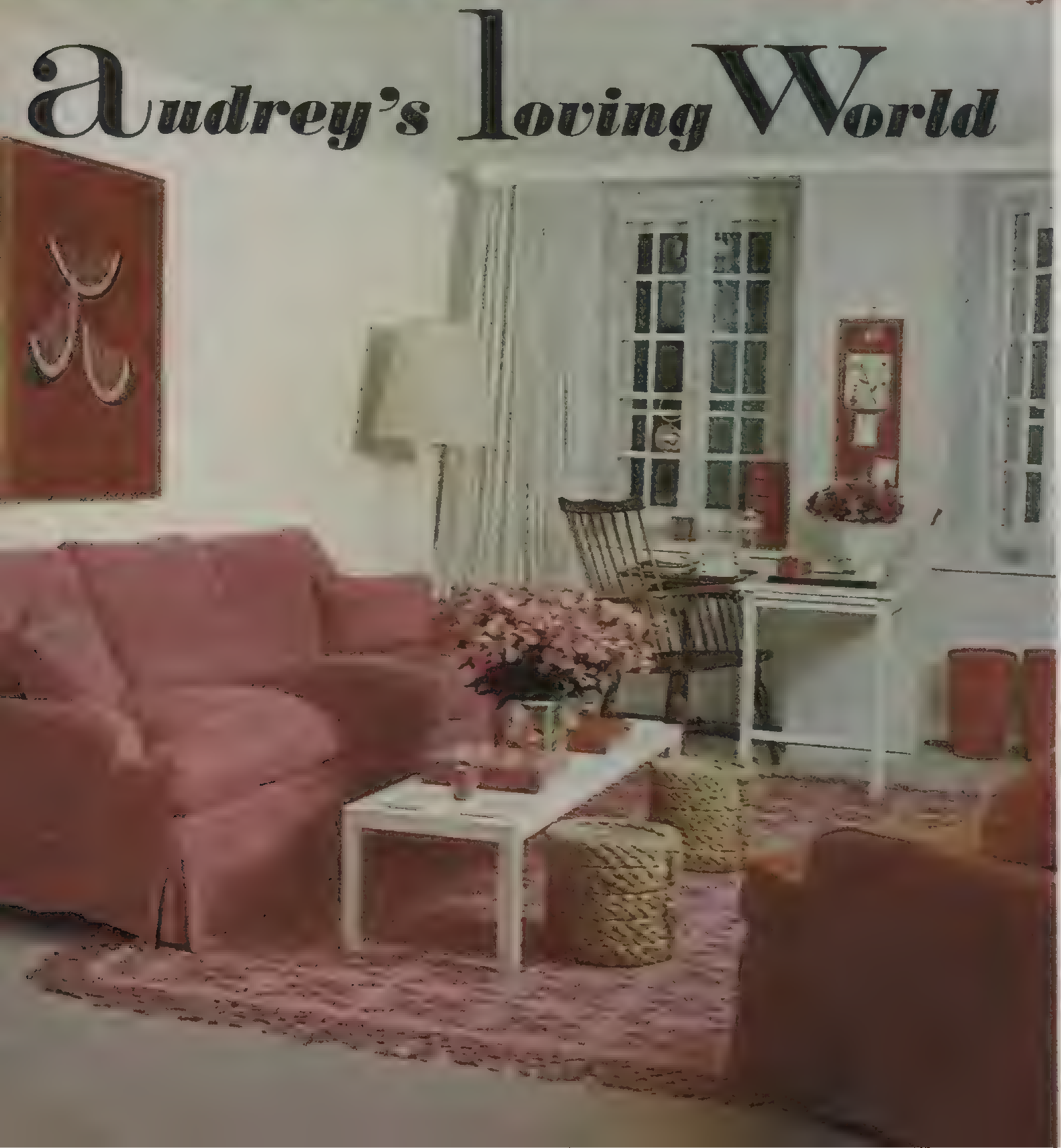
An indoor garden, a great flowering bouquet,
is what Audrey's sunburst living room, *above*, adds up to. A pattern of small treasures and large comforts, it includes deep sofas in radiant yellow woollens and chairs of white twill. A Mexican painting hangs above the seventeenth-century English writing desk with a tribe of silver boxes and a photograph of Audrey's grandfather, then Governor of the Dutch West Indies. *Below:* A prize bit of sculpture, a Daumier bronze, is banked by one of Audrey's brimming bouquets. Like all the art possessions of the Dottis, the bronze reflects choice that is personal and affectionate.



The outdoors is close by

"I would rather that my children one day went back to the country . . . to search for a blade of grass than for things that are unreal and disappointing," Audrey said. *Top:* Audrey with one of her two spaniels. *Above:* Always enchanted, never disappointed by her flowers, Audrey clusters them into tightly sculptured forms that seem to burst out of silver pedestals on the dining-room sideboard. *Left:* More flowers, those over the living-room mantle by the French primitive Bombois; the others, Audrey's.

Audrey's loving World



"I remember loving the freedom of being able to pick fruit from a tree," Audrey said of her childhood.

Audrey, *above,* photographed harvesting in her orchard where cherries, pears, apples, peaches, and quince, as well as berries, walnut trees, and even hazelnut bushes grow. Beyond the orchard, wild flowers take over.

The library, *left,* keyed to the painting of a watermelon by the Mexican painter Rufino Tamayo, helps to provide "the Swiss privacy" both Audrey and her husband guard. A Spanish rug, sweet peas, and phlox splash delicious pinks and oranges against the white.

Sean, Audrey's older son, is the boy in the drawing by Vidal-Quadras over the bedroom mantle, *opposite, top left.*

Rose-centred garden luncheon table, *opposite, top right,* with lavender at large at its foot. "The more man flies to the moon," Audrey said, "the more I want to sit and look at a tree."

Flower power of Porthault linen, *right,* in the Dottis' bedroom; on the ample wicker table, books, memorabilia, flowers. These and the open-window policy on the view: further signals of Audrey's "search for what was loved and found to be real."

HENRY CLARKE





Left: Audrey, who has always had "a passion for the outdoors, for trees, for birds and flowers," chuffs Luca past the vegetable garden, a fact from her dream of being able to "give this to my child."

Audrey's Loving World

(Continued from page 94) wants peace and serenity. It's because these things constantly reassure me that I'm not going to be taken away, or my family taken away, as were millions of others who once lived around us."

Now in her forty-second year, the actress who won an Academy Award for the movie *Roman Holiday* in 1953, retains that look of wide-eyed wonder that one finds in children, and in grown-ups who have lost love and unexpectedly found it again. There are still the defenseless hazel eyes, the sense of compassion, the sudden, sunflower-burst smile, and the way of saying *hel-lo!* as if opening her arms to an approaching child. Audrey is a miracle of will or faith neither touched by time nor bent by betrayal.

She continued, about how childhood conditioned her love for her home in Switzerland.

"We lived mostly in cities and never had a house with a garden and trees. But there were aunts and grandmothers and friends who had them and I remember loving the freedom of being able to pick fruit from a tree.

"In Holland, Belgium, and afterwards in England, my happiest moments were in the country. I've always had a passion for the outdoors, for trees, for birds and flowers. You know when I was working and earning money my dream was to somehow give this to my child, let's say for the first ten years of his life. I felt that however tough his future would be, or if one day we lived surrounded by cement, he would have known the other and always search for it again.

"Because you go back, you search for what made you happy when you were smaller. We are all grown-up children, really. Our lives are made up of childhood and adulthood, all together. No? So one should go back and search for what was loved and found to be real. I believe this must be behind the sense of nostalgia we feel today, especially in America. And I would rather that my children one day went back to the country, on weekends or when they want to relax, to search for a blade of grass than for more sophisticated things which are terribly unreal and disappointing.

"So we consider the house in Switzerland our real home, even more than our apartment in Rome, because it has a garden and trees. Besides, there is something about society and life in the city that oppresses me, a procedure of obliteration. The air is polluted, the backfire of cars is reminiscent of guns, and the noise is so bad you can't hear or see properly.

"We love the Swiss privacy and Andrea says it's the only place where he can really write. In one afternoon and evening, he can write more than in days in Rome. He loves working there."

Dr. Dotti is the psychiatrist assistant to Professor Giancarlo Reda at the University of Rome where he handles clinical cases and does research in psychopharmacology, or the use of drugs in treatment of nervous and mental disturbances.

"Yes, there is a big difference in our ages. It's as simple as that: There is. I was born nine years before him. Not that I am more mature, I just have seen nine years more of life. That's the only sense in which I am older. In other ways he is much older—intellectually, for example, though emotionally we are the same.

"Andrea has lived hard. Through his work, he has been exposed to so much of life, the seamy side of life, the sad side of life, that he is well beyond his years. He is not the young man of thirty-two; he is a very, very mature man of thirty-two. Because what makes you older is feeling, suffering, living; and he's done a lot of that. So we don't feel an age barrier, though we might in the future. I don't know."

Besides, living with Andrea is consuming. His work and his personality make it so.

"When you are in love, you become madly interested in anything your husband does, even shoemaking, and Andrea's work is especially involving. He deals with people, not with their bones or stomachs but rather with their minds and emotional disturbances which matter a great deal to me.

"But he also needs desperately to relax. Of all branches of medicine, his is one of the most emotionally trying and draining. All day he sees patients who are unhappy and mentally disturbed and anguished. And Andrea is first and foremost human. That's the most marvellous thing about him. He is terribly compassionate and, unlike some doctors, he gives a great deal of himself. So he comes home exhausted, yet rarely shows it—joking, chatting, watching television, or playing with my son Sean like two brothers—switching over to a sense of well-being that drowns out everything else. If he did not let off steam this way, I think he would go clear out of his mind. Even so, we aren't terribly social. Sometimes we don't go out for two or three weeks, and most often it's just the two of us, to a *trattoria* or a movie to change the atmosphere."

Recently Audrey agreed to do another film based on the Anne Edwards novel *The Survivors*. After her marriage, Audrey had refused all film offers because it meant being absent from her family, but this will be made in Rome, so she can come home evenings and weekends. Even so, she has had mixed feelings.

"At the moment, I'm afraid I may have nothing to express in a movie since I'm very fulfilled at home. But I know that once I'm involved, I'll be interested."

This was not a new emotion, however. Movies have never been the core of her life.

"I have loved making them, I have given my all, and I don't want to imply I did not care terribly or love the people I worked with. But movies have had an unimportant part in my emotional life. I can not look back on a movie with the nostalgia I would have for a house where I have lived and been happy or sad, or a place I have been with my child or . . . I don't know, I could look with nostalgia at something that belonged to my little boy when he was much smaller, or some object my husband gave me when we were first married. Those are things that affect me emotionally.

"I can not look back with nostalgia at a coat I enjoyed wearing years ago. I was inside it and it kept me warm, but I am still here and the coat is something of the past. Or a photograph of me: I don't look at the photograph of myself fifteen years ago with regret or nostalgia, though I can be amused or fascinated."

Some films, however, she looks back to with rare emotion because of friendships and experiences, among them *The Nun's Story*. "We all lived together in Africa and it became a deeper experience because of the atmosphere of a community."

Now Audrey is happy in the

smaller community of her family, a freer one, without fixed rules for the survival of love or marriage.

"What makes two people happy? It's like fingerprints: Each one is different. Personally, I need a lot of loving, being loved and giving love. Real love. After that, all the rest takes care of itself.

"People are too ready to give up when they should hold on. Take the love of a mother for her child. If it's real, it never dies, no matter what the child may do. I don't know why more people can't have that kind of relationship with a lover, a husband, or a wife."

She believes, with Freud, that we must begin to love, or fall ill. And this is almost more necessary for men than women.

"I know no man who can live without love. There is nothing more vulnerable and tender than a boy, and therefore a man. It isn't that women are becoming stronger and men weaker. I believe there's been a general liberation and people are less inhibited. For centuries men have suffered from the curse that the man-child, because of his sex, had to be all-responsible and bring home the bread because he was a strong man and the chief. I think that's over with now and it's why boys have grown long hair, to say 'We want to feel the way we feel and have the right to make our own decisions.' That's an *enormous* liberation.

"Love does not terrify me. But the going away of it does. I have been made terribly aware of how everything can be wrenched away from you and your life torn apart. That's why I guard against it so much. If I had known very secure nights all my life, if I had never seen or felt the fear of being tortured or deported (Continued on page 173)

BEAUTY SPEAKING:

Audrey Hepburn Dotti talks about good health and good looks

"I'm not one who has rules . . . I am not a person who must have so many hours' sleep so that my skin will look good . . . or so much fresh air. I love to walk, so I do get lots of air . . . lots and lots of oxygen. And I sleep marvellously well. I need 8 or 9 hours to make me completely happy; otherwise I long for a nap . . . but if I don't have one, it doesn't destroy me. I'm very relaxed and unmethodical about myself; I do what one has to do and let it go at that. . . . I wash my hair every 4 or 5 days, preferably myself . . . salons make me restless. I always use bath oil . . . L'Interdit, Floris. I don't know if it does anything for the water or the skin, but I adore a pretty-smelling bath. I've always been a soap-and-water girl; it's part of being a Lazlo girl, which I've been for years . . . when I'm in New York, I usually stop in for a sort of skin checkup. Also, working in the theatre, I've seen what not removing makeup really well can do to the skin, so I'm very careful about that. But I never do anything to my skin in order that it will look nice the next day . . . I have no exceptional things that I do or don't put on my face at night . . . no special tricks. I don't believe in fads. I do believe that good health is the key to good skin; if your skin isn't good, it's a signal that something is wrong.

"Mostly, I believe in a healthy point of view . . . I don't go about it systematically; I just live normally. When I feel I need vitamins, which is more in winter, I take them . . . vitamin C . . . sometimes a multivitamin. But where there's plenty of sun and good healthy food, I don't need them and I don't take them. . . . I eat *healthy* food, not health food . . . fresh fruits and vegetables and meats. I feel strongly about quality. Also quantity; I think too many people eat too much . . . I adore Italian food but I won't eat pasta three times a day. I'm one of the lucky ones; I seem to have a sort of built-in leveller. I've a tremendously good appetite—I eat everything, *everything*—but as soon as I'm satisfied, a little hatch closes and I stop. . . . I don't like fancy food at all; I much prefer an extremely simple meal that's exquisitely done . . . a perfectly cooked steak, a beautiful salad, some raspberries. When we entertain—which is not, please, capital-E entertain—it's just six or eight friends having dinner together, and then we might start off with rice or a pasta. Or, very often, just spaghetti, a mixed salad of whatever is in season—little tiny field salad, cress, tomatoes, string beans—and a lovely chocolate mousse for dessert.

"I have breakfast with my ten-year-old, Sean—or rather, Sean has breakfast and I have coffee with lots of hot milk; there's too much going on at that hour for real eating. . . . I wake up at 7:30 and see that my husband gets to work on time and that the children are fed and that Sean has what he needs for school. Later, when the men have gone off and I'm alone with the little one, I have my orange juice—cold orange juice first thing in the morning is a bit of a shock, I think—and I eat something . . . a sandwich . . . anything that strikes my fancy. "We go dancing quite often, which is great exercise . . . Sometimes I wear my one pair of hotpants. Not that they're so hot; they're really a little overall, navy blue, and I wear a striped shirt with them, and navy shoes and stockings—like a tap-dancing movie with Betty Grable.

"Exercise—now that is really terrifically vital. And I don't do any of it. I'm not very good at gymnastics . . . I don't honestly like anything you do by the clock. I don't ski or play tennis . . . I swim a little, not well. I'm totally unsporty; I expect that comes from all those years of dancing and making movies and not having the time. By way of compensation, perhaps, I have massage three times a week. It's the best thing in the world for you, but you have got to choose the right masseur . . . bad massage can break down muscle and ruin you for life; a good one gives you a lot of muscle tone and it can make your circulation go incredibly fast—it disintoxicates the blood.

"I think of myself as an outdoors person, without being in the least athletic. I love to walk in the country—to be out in the clean air. I walk for miles by the sea. I walk in the sun . . . I get too hot lying in it, so I don't turn dark but I do tan a little. It's probably just as well in view of what one hears about sun and skin.

"I've never used much makeup. Only on my eyes, and I do them more or less as I always have . . . black liner and mascara, dark-brown eyebrow pencil. I use a brownish shadow in the crease of the eyelid and leave the lid itself natural . . . also the bony part below the eyebrow; sometimes, at night, I put a little opalescent highlight there. . . . I've tried all the pretty greens and purples but they didn't suit me. And I still use a very, very pale pink lipstick . . . no base . . . no foundation. It isn't a question of wanting to look the same; I prefer an unmade-up look simply because it's better for me.

"My life isn't theories and formulae. It's part instinct, part common sense . . . logic is as good a word as any, and I've absorbed what logic I have from everything and everyone . . . from my mother, from my training as a ballet dancer, from Vogue magazine, from the laws of life and health and nature. . . . In the city one tries to live as though one were on a farm—that is, naturally: You try to exercise but you can't always; you eat the things that are good for you, but you also eat things that are not so good for you. Let's face it, a nice creamy chocolate cake has a lot for a lot of people; it does for me. . . . I don't believe in any rigid rules. You have to be as relaxed as possible about food and fitness and the rest of it, or you'll be a slave to your beauty habits . . . you may have a great skin but you become a robot. The most important thing is to enjoy your life—to be happy—it's all that matters."

Sex Appeal is a State of Mind

Every year it gets easier to be beautiful, and this is going to be a peak year. The fresh-fruit creams, the wine-y lipsticks, the brief, boldly-cut bits of clothing that cling as if a breeze had blown them against your body. Unthinkable not to be, at the very least, a dish. . . . Also, we happened on a rather scrumptious item that is unconditionally guaranteed to make your eyes brighter, your skin younger, your mouth more curvy, and your walk ten times as seductive. It is the look of desire in a man's eyes—the unmistakable, drunk-making, power-giving message that says you are a bundle of S.A. It. Sex Appeal. . . . The thing is, not every beautiful woman has sex appeal, any more than every woman with sex appeal is a blazing beauty. You aren't born with it—only with the possibility, the option, the wanting to be wanted. Beauty or no, one thing is clear: it is not so much how you look to men, as how you look *at* them that matters. Sex appeal is a state of mind. . . . A woman with sex appeal looks as if she likes men . . . as if she approves of them and accepts them. When she talks to a man, it is plain that she is thinking about him and only him. She isn't trying to impress him or best him, but simply to enjoy him. Never has he felt himself to be so perceptive or so amusing. Never has he been more cozy. On the other hand, our girl is not without a certain beguiling wickedness. Not too much and never at the wrong time. It is one of those extraordinary qualities that—used with talent—is lost on other women, but rouses intemperate admiration in men. Probably because wantonness is playful, and playfulness means laughter, and laughter is one of the basic ingredients of love. A man senses that, with such a woman, romance would be glorious fun. There is not a particle of doubt in his mind that she is capable of great pleasure, and that he is the one to give it to her. Kingdoms have toppled for that. . . . A woman with sex appeal has a splendid, wholesome narcissism. She tends her skin, shines her hair, cleanses and clothes and scents herself as deliciously as possible. She is glad to be thought beautiful, and she adores being able to please a man with her face, her body, her wit. Obviously, this is wildly beneficial all around. In fact, self-approval is given a very keen press by Dr. Albert Kligman, dermatologist and knight errant, who calls it ". . . one of the most precious, self-elevating, ego-satisfying, adaptive mechanisms that exist." . . . A sexy woman's vitality, her air of gorgeous, generous health are part of her pride. She would be put to the rack rather than discuss the boring minutiae (dieting, giving up smoking, allergy to coffee) but you can bet she stays in socking good health; anything other would dim her radiance. . . . Intelligence is terribly sexy. It leads to awareness and awareness leads to response and response leads to conversation, which can be the ultimate enchantment, not only for what is said, but, frequently, for what is unsaid. . . . In the end, a woman should be unique, indelible, impossible to forget. In what is probably the second most famous balcony scene in the theatre, two divorced people meet, each married to someone else. It is of course "Private Lives", and Noel Coward has Elyot say to Amanda: "You don't hold any mystery for me, darling, do you mind? There isn't a particle of you that I don't know . . . remember . . . and want." Well, it may not be mystery, but whatever Amanda has is the very essence of sex appeal. *You could call it mystique.*

Scarlet is a state of mind There's something very appealing about scarlet—it makes everybody happy. And this little red-hot pullover from Paris has it: narrow narrow narrow, like a soft second skin, worn with a bead-chocked choker and necklace tossed over one shoulder like an officer's aiguillette. Pullover by Sonia Rykiel, of rabbit hair and wool. About $44. Jewellery by K.J.L. All, at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Shiny little wig by Kenneth.

The mouth that says it all is bright, shiny, shimmery, sexy—here, wrought with Glossamer Lip Gloss, the colourful result of glossing Pink Caramel over Wild Grape . . . the luminous, flawless complexion, a work of artifice via a new creamy, covering foundation-in-a-compact: Soft Cover Compact Makeup in Fresh Beige shade . . . and wide-open eyes shadowed with a slender crayon-wand called Smokestick, in Toasted Walnut. All, for Estée Lauder.

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the body - a woman's own environment



Like a speeded-up film, interest in and concern for the body—its inward health, outward beauty—are increasing with dizzying swiftness. . . . The signs are everywhere: the craving, once confined to "health nuts," for fresh, unprocessed foods, for bottled water from deep, pure springs. The longing for exercise, and for fresh, unpolluted air. The zest for adding a tingly, health-giving elixir to one's bath water, then scrubbing up a glow with a bath-brush or loofah. The rush to beauty preparations made with natural ingredients—fruit and vegetable juices, natural oils, herbs. . . . All, perhaps, part of a growing realization that the body is a woman's own environment, with its own complex ecology, to be conserved or disrupted—only she can decide which. Like the environment as a whole, its state of health is accurately reflected in how it looks—just as crystal-clear air looks prettier than smog, a strong, supple body looks prettier than a heavy, slack one; a fresh, glowing skin infinitely more attractive than a sallow, unhealthy one. . . . There's no question that American women are getting the message—a message most European women have never lost—that it's not a question of suddenly-getting-in-shape to be seen on the beach, suddenly taking a crash exercise course, going on a crash diet, but of being fit and ready all the time, for anything; walking with ease and pleasure into a body-baring new fashion, or walking off, also easily and pleasurably, with a wildly attractive new man. . . . **Part of the message is: massage.** It's dawning on more and more women that massage is not just relaxing—though it's gloriously that; not just enjoyable and luxurious—though it's been used since the Sybarites flourished; but provably one of the greatest health-and-beauty aids extant. It confers many benefits, some for reasons not perfectly understood: increases the flow of blood and lymph, improves circulation in the muscles, invigorates the skin. It's a better cure for fatigue, particularly for overstrained athletes, than rest alone—since it unknots and smooths the taut, bunched muscles, increases the blood flow to wash out deposits of lactic acid. It's also used before exercise to loosen and "warm up" muscles. . . . **Exercise and massage work perfectly together.** Massage alone probably doesn't strengthen or tone muscles—though medical opinion is somewhat divided about this—since it doesn't force them to contract. Nor can massage alone remove fat, since it burns no calories. But it's a marvellous adjunct to exercise, a way of squeezing more benefits from the exercise you get. . . . The basic movements are effleurage, stroking; friction, rubbing; pétrissage, kneading; and tapotement, tapping. Stroking and kneading may vary from light to heavy, depending on the area and the effect desired, but all movements should be applied fairly gently (according to Mennell, a famous English authority), slowly, and rhythmically. The generally accepted time allotted for massaging the entire body is forty-five minutes to one hour. . . . Many of the best masseurs and masseuses are in the physiotherapy departments of great hospitals, where only patients have access to them. But it's possible to find skillful and well- (Continued on next page)

Lauren Hutton in scarlet: happy, carefree, headed for the beach . . . a beautiful blonde, a beautiful body, a beautiful sleek bikini in the newest, brightest colour-blaze. Nylon ciré, with a thin red line of belt that loops through the pants at centre front, crosses in back, ties. By Oscar de la Renta Swimwear, of Du Pont nylon (Fownes fabric). About $22. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. The scarlet-strapped wristwatch that keeps on ticking merrily under water, by Omega. At Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Lauren's body is supple, well-toned, in perfect shape for summer. It's also basically fair-skinned, which can present problems with the sun. What's defending it here is Allevia Body Treatment, by Alexandra de Markoff—a delicious, emollient elixir that screens out 85% of the sun's dangerous burning rays, admits all the beneficial ones; it also smooths, moisturizes, leaves a light, gleamy film of lubricant on the skin. The natural-looking golden gleam in her hair might be Gilded Lily, Roux's Fanci-full Rinse that's summer-simple to use—rinse in, shampoo out. Helps with setting, conditioning, too. . . . Coiffure by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.

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the body - a woman's own environment

(Continued) trained people elsewhere—at salons, health clubs, gyms—who are fully capable of conferring many or all the benefits of massage. Of these, the greatest benefit—to the up-tight city-dweller—is probably the relief of tension. **The greatest tranquillizer.** Massage acts on the central nervous system, the autonomic nervous system, the nerve endings all over the body—soothing, smoothing, relaxing. It's more tranquillizing than tranquillizers, alcohol, most drugs—and it's so much better for you. . . . Dr. Barton Knapp, a research clinical psychologist, is a strong believer in the value of massage as therapy for a variety of medical and psychic problems. "It principally gives a feeling of great relaxation, loss of tension and a new awareness of the body," he said. "One potential application ties in with an alcoholic syndrome. We had data which showed us that the tension level of alcoholics rises during the day, peaks in the late afternoon, and then decreases." Visiting a masseur at that time, he reasons, might remove the need to visit a bar. . . . At the Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine in New York, Jack Hofkosh, Director of Physical Therapy, said, "People should at least plan their lives so they relax completely for a few hours each week. It could be getting involved in games or sports, or going to a salon for a massage—but part of a total régime to think of yourself only for a little while. People just aren't willing to spare the time to take care of themselves. They should actually have the doctor prescribe a régime of relaxation that includes massage. . . . Of course, it's part of our 'waspish' Puritanical inheritance, plus the great stress on working hard, that has combined to make people in this country uninterested and neglectful of their bodies. When people do look after themselves, the difference is amazing. . . ."

Bright blaze of scarlet

Scarlet—a new blaze, flickering through fashion like wildfire, lightening and brightening everything it touches: clothes, makeup, outlook—all brighter, vervier. . . . *On both pages*, a high-spirited new makeup, by Coty, that can hold its own with scarlet's vividness. Cheeks, chin, and forehead brightened with Wineberry blusher; hollows contoured with Chestnut. Eyelids painted with Smoky Blue. Lips ablaze with Orangewood, glossed with Sheer Shine. Everything warm, bright, lively, and too spunky to be faded out, even by scarlet. . . . *This page*, directly right: scarlet sweeping from neck to toe. . . . Scarlet short shorts, front-zipped, in cotton jersey; about $12. Scarlet lamb's-wool-and-angora pullover; about $16. Both by Halston International. At Bloomingdale's; The Denver. Bag, a buoyant red balloon, leather with tortoise handles, by Lewis Purses, at Bergdorf Goodman. Wide brass cuffs by Celia Sebiri, at Henri Bendel. Scarlet suède belts with gilt grommets, buckles, joined to give a bodice effect, by Abbe Creations. High scarlet boots of Ginza, shiny stretch plastic, by Roger Vivier; to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Short, curly wig of Dynel by Halston for Abbot Tresses.

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High spirits in scarlet

Above: Delicious topping for scarlet—Schiaparelli's tousled wig in Elura, new modacrylic fibre by Monsanto. Scarf by Echo. Earrings by Napier. *Right:* Forget the peck of pickled peppers; simply slip into a slink of silky scarlet sweater, scoop-necked, smashing. About $100. At Valentino Boutique; Nan Duskin; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Scarlet satin pants of cotton and rayon: Alley Cat by Betsey Johnson; about $12. At Betsey, Bunky & Nini. Gilt chains by Monet. Rings by K.J.L. The beguiling Christopher Robin wig by Tovar-Tresses. All the wigs on both these pages styled by Suga.



Skin in bed—and getting prettier by the hour, now, because while it rests it has time to soak up all the glorious rewards of regular bedtime care—thorough cleansing, moisturizing, pampering, nourishing, and occasional special treats to boost vitality, tone, texture. (There's something of the tortoise-and-hare story to good skin—those born with it might tend to take it for granted, do nothing to keep it; those who work for it, with dedicated discipline, can easily catch up—often surpass.) Contributing to pleasant dreams, here, could be Skin Life Extrait, a new advance in skin care from Helena Rubinstein, that softens, livens, contains what less-than-ideal skin lacks—natural extracts that help keep the chemical balance a good skin needs. For a sudden splash of skin-radiance, the directions suggest this plan: start with a crash program—using it every night for a week—then slow down to once or twice a week for three months; after this time, the cycle can repeat. Skin Life Extrait comes in the form of an amber liquid, each application sealed in a separate ampule to keep it fresh and ready to work. While you sleepzz z z z z z

Skin-Keeping in touch

WE HAVE ALMOST 15,000 SQ. IN. OF SKIN

Skin—it's what wraps us up. It's our contact with the outside world. It's what someone sees when he looks at us, what he touches when he touches us. It has been said that the most important thing, for most of life, is the skin of one's beloved —because it reflects inner chemistry and personality, it becomes for us a special skin and we'd know it anywhere. Even —maybe especially—in the dark.

The skin is sensational—a sensory organ. It reflects our state of mind, our health, our environment. It's busy every moment working for us, but we expect it to look well while it works—not cause any fuss, or show signs of wear. To accomplish this, skin needs a lot of care and attention, and the more we know about skin activity, the better that care can be. If we could step out of our skin and put it on a scale,

SKIN ACCOUNTS FOR ABOUT 6 POUNDS OF OUR WEIGHT

it would weigh a little less than six pounds. Spread out on a table in a single thickness, we would have almost 15,000 square inches. In one square centimetre (about one-third of an inch) of skin, we usually have: one yard of blood vessels, one hundred sweat glands, four yards of nerves, two hundred nerve endings to record pain (must there be so many?), ten hairs, fifteen sebaceous glands, plus sensory apparatus to record heat and cold. The skin works as a thermostat between the temperature outside and our insides inside. When the air is warm and the body needs to lose heat, the blood vessels dilate to let it out, and the sweat glands start to secrete moisture which, by evaporating, cools the skin and body. When the air is cold and the body needs to retain heat, blood vessels constrict to keep it in; sweat glands then, presumably, have the day off.

Smooth skin, our unswerving goal, is a matter of relativity. Though the surface of the skin may seem smooth—because of all our diligent work in that direction—a strong magnifying glass would show up millions of tiny ridges and valleys. These skin-patterns vary from place to place on the body—open mesh on the forehead, squiggles like a honeycomb on the elbows, a pretty cobweb pattern on the back, and the distinctive whirls and swirls of fingerprints (chance of these being duplicated, we are told, is one in twenty-four billion). It's encouraging to note, while we go through our beauty rituals, that skin is forever renewing itself, coming up with a new surface about once a month. If we could see, in cross-section, the life-cycle of one of these skin surfaces from start to finish, we'd see a process that works something like an escalator—with the steps going straight up instead of on a slant. On the bottom step are skin cells, still deep down in the subcutaneous layer of skin. These start to rise, gradually work their way up through the next layer called the dermis or true skin, then up to the epidermis or top skin. As this layer of skin cells reaches the top, it starts to die since living cells can not survive exposure to air or water. After this layer has had its day—and, we hope, some dazzling evenings—it is scrubbed off, or worn off, to make room for the next layer that, like the next escalator step, is continuously forming at the bottom of our skin-making machinery, and rising to the top.

TRUE SKIN IS MOSTLY COLLAGEN

The dermis or true skin is made up mostly of collagen, a protein fibre that accounts for most of the skin's elasticity. These fibres form a meshwork that gives skin a straight and a bias—it gives in one direction but not in another. Collagen gets weaker with age and—unfortunately—the skin's elasticity weakens with it. We might think of skin as a girdle: when new, it's small, firm, snaps back into place after being stretched. After a lot of wear, it's more ironed out—as the collagen fibres grow laggard, the skin, like the worn girdle, gets looser, thinner, and the stretch loses its strength. For this reason, skin seems to keep on growing after we stop—eventually, it fits more loosely and tends to wrinkle. At that point, we yearn for the skin-tailor (plastic surgeon) to restore the skin's smooth young fit by taking in a few tucks and darts. Some day, doctors hope to be able to find a medical correction for the problem of overgrown skin—research is being done now on how to keep collagen properly sized, without taking up skin-slack by surgery. Encouragement has come from ex-

FINGERPRINT ODDS: 1 IN 24 BILLION TO REPEAT

perimental quarters that have worked with dermabrasion, injection of certain chemicals, and the influence of diet. Not tomorrow can we have a face-lift by rubbing on a collagen-cream, but it's something to live for—and nowadays, science happens fast.

Skin gets emotional. Not only at erogenous zones—which are erogenous because of their densely-packed nerve endings —but all over. Along with its many other working parts, skin contains pressure sites, about twenty-five per square centimetre, that have a tremendous effect on our feelings and reactions. Encounter groups know this, and find that skin contacts like hand-holding and arm-linking break down superficial barriers, help establish security. With disturbed persons this is especially true; the effect of touching, for them, can often be—touching. One reason why skin-pressure brings reassurance: A baby lives in the uterus for nine months, with pressure all around it. After it is born and left lying free, it is startled and frightened, feels better when wrapped in a blanket and held very closely. Since it's a throwback to a more secure time, we don't completely outgrow this feeling; this is why, in case you wondered, people like to be hugged. Most often, by the skin—and what's inside it —of that beloved. . . .

WHAT IS IT ABOUT BEING HUGGED?



easy does it

Sexy hair on the most Wanted list

Sexy hair's the glowing hair. Thoroughly mussable, fragrantly nuzzleable, blatantly enjoyable hair. It has feminine wit, an infinite capacity for surprise, what you might call "flex appeal."...And everything's glowing for it. Like Revlon's Flex conditioner, which not only seeks to repair past abuses, but directs itself to the replenishment of such natural oils and moisture as give young sexy hair its irresistible bounce and gloss.

Karen Graham,

Texas-born beauty now home on the range in New York, wears two own-hair versions of sexy hair here, two wigs next pages. Paul Mitchell cut her ash-brown hair to flow in various lengths, to frame the face with centre part. *Left*, it's tied up with black moire ribbon—and the ribbon must be black. Black ribbed rabbit's-hair-and-wool sweater by Sonia Rykiel. $44. At Bloomingdale's. Ship 'n Shore shirt, of Dacron and cotton. Karen's poupée curls, *right*, are the work of the maestro Kenneth, who set them on tiny permanent-wave rods. Accomplices: Liberty of London Paisley shawl. Choker, necklace, earrings, and bangles: wood, gold, diamonds by Van Cleef & Arpels.

PENN



easy
does it

The prettiest hair on the block



On the purchasing and nurturing of wigs

Sexy hair is totally unpredictable, plays right into any vestigial polygamous tendencies which modern-day savage breasts might harbour. With complicity of wigmakers, carrot-topped vixen, above, who pours a chap's hot coffee in the morning could be the very same girl as the champagne-tressed ingénue, left, who pours his hot toddy at night. . . . To enjoy this sport to the hilt, know the ground rules on the **purchase and nurture of wigs.** Check label for name of fibre. Dazzling Dynel and canny Kanekalon look like the best hair, feel like the best hair, outperform *any* hair in the matter of minding their manners under weather stress and climatic strain. Their curves and curls are cooked up in a rigidly-controlled oven long before they enter your life. And if you'll just keep them away from such heat as hair dryers, curling irons, radiators, ovens, they're set ad infinitum. . . . On the other hand, Monsanto's clever new Elura *does* tolerate heat and can be restyled even with electric curlers. . . . Examine the wig's base for tailoring. Try it on for fit, with particular attention to snugness around ears and at nape of neck. . . . Look at the colour by daylight to see if it picks up any "artificial" lights. . . . Brush wig yourself to determine anti-static properties and flexibility of styling. Hair should move gracefully in all directions. . . . Wig purchased, **have your hairdresser give it a whirl.** Remember, it's the cut of the bang, the turn of the curl, the exact crook of the wisp that makes the difference between blooper and super. **The put-on.** Pull own hair up with stocking cap or elastic band. Fasten long hair in pin curls or in flat twist with criss-crossed bobby pins pointed downward. . . . With label in back, pull wig on like bathing cap by ear flaps lined up directly opposite each other. One hand on crown, pull nape down. . . . **The shampoo.** Brush first. Splash wig around in cool water and mild cleansing solution (Woolite or special wig shampoo). No scrubbing. Then rinse, shake, and let dry naturally, pinned on block or clapped on doorknob. . . . *Never brush wig when wet*—unless you want to straighten baked-in curl. . . . **Refresher courses between engagements.** Fabric softener in the rinse eliminates static electricity, enhances manageability and cleanliness. . . . Wig conditioners put new bounce and flounce in tired wigs. Wig sprays preserve set longer than regular hair spray. . . . Wig colour refreshers sparkle up hues turned drab, tone down brassiness.

Karen turns auburn, above, in short, curly Dynel stretch wig by Adolfo for Abbott Tresses. Accomplice: Navy-and-white silk scarf by Liberty of London, at Lord & Taylor. . . . **Karen goes long on blond,** left, in Kanekalon "Bazaar" from Rebecca Collection, here artfully braided by Suga. Accomplice: White plastic hoop earrings by Napier. . . . Both pages: Slim-ribbed, white-banded black cotton undershirt, by White Stag. About $5. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's.

PENN

easy does it-the

Shortest, kindest Cut

PATRICK LICHFIELD

Mia Farrow

wears it *left*, the smooth little skull cap of hair that's in the air because it's so friendly to the new clothes proportions. This dauphin version was sculpted for Mia's role in *Joan of Arc at the Stake* by her hair mentor, Roger of Vidal Sassoon, who with blunt scissors nipped away at small strands first, building up to the total picture. "It's cut according to texture and growing pattern—just like a jigsaw," Roger said. "Any way you comb it now, it falls into place."

Naomi Sims

wears it *right*, a little-boy head for all-girl big girls. Soft tiny curls frame the face, nestle behind the exposed ear—the doings of Ara Gallant. It's the perfect head for long legs and Oscar de la Renta's red Fibranne shorts which, with white cotton polo shirt and red Fibranne blazer, are an unseen part of the turnout here. About $230. Saks Fifth Avenue. Brilliant accomplice: Breck Basic Silk'n Hold, a new instant conditioner that performs the tricky feat of delivering astonishing silkiness to hair, expanding its body and keeping it under splendid control.

AVEDON



There's a makeup shakeup going on. Making up to beat the band. Making up to look made up, with all the dash and flash and fling of today's new colours and textures. Intense, un-dense. Strong colours, dark colours, mysterious "sfumato" colours . . . colours that shimmer brightly right down to the bottom of the colouring pot. Check out the new faces in town . . . everybody's a femme fatale. Consider the startling allure of scarlet nails . . . dramatic colour-smudged eyes . . . come-hither lips bathed in wet, warm, sensuous colour. Today's beauty is apt to have her hair pulled back in a tight little bun, revealing her face for the world to see—made up to the hilt, unabashedly. Virtually eyebrowless and carefully painted, on a foundation as flawless, luminous, and pale as porcelain. She's not wearing more makeup; she's wearing makeup that is more: livelier, tonier, sexier. She's subtle gloss and glow, with rouged cheeks, darkened eyes, and vermillioned mouth that's probably been painted with a lipstick brush. Because that's part of the shakeup, too—lipstick brushes and eyelash curlers . . . and all the pots and tubes and jars and gels you can get your hands on. Come on strong and clear. No cakey layered look (no need). No late-show murkiness, please. . . . Wear *enough* perfume. . . . Buff your nails and lacquer them crimson (for more on that subject, turn two pages). . . . If chemicals leave you cold, go the shakeup route with fruits, vegs, kohl. Stain your mouth with crushed red berries, shadow your eyes with powdered blue cornflowers. Make it up as you go along. Nothing's static anymore. Do whatever turns you on, whatever turns *him on*. . . .

New face appeal: smoulder and bolder.

Right: Smoulder eyes, bolder mouth, played dramatically against skin pampered and perfected with a new dew-good foundation called Geminesse Enriched Moisturizing Make-up; Golden Honey, here. Eyes, vamped with Geminesse Double Entendre Eye Shadow powder, a merge of subtle colourings—Sunflower Mushroom and Primrose Peach. Mouth, spiced with Apricot Nectar, one of the new Geminesse Enriched Moisturizing Lipsticks—rich clear colours brimming with balminess. And for any too-thin hair, there's new protein-packed Tried & True Hair Thickener. All, from Max Factor. Big gypsy triple-hoops by Hector Jorge.

The nape of the neck, one of the most seductive areas of woman, bared, *above*, by a slip of the shawl and hair looped up in a sinuous coil . . . sexy hair, glossy, healthy, possible by spending one minute a week with The Treatment de Pantene. Trifari earrings. Embroidered silk Spanish shawls by Adolfo. Each, about $325. Black shawl: Neiman-Marcus. White shawl: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suga coiffures.

Shmakeup

PENN



a pretty woman uses all the help she can get

Sugar and spice and a raft of other stuff around the house are what good-looking girls are made of—25 good ideas

Glass-consciousness—mark of the bred-in-the-bone narcissist. Must have weekly peer (starko) into full-length mirror to see if there is too much in one place and not enough in another, plus a sharp check on skin tone, carriage, and general zing. Magnifying glass for facial pores, eyebrow hairs, and all those other tribulations.

Fizz and hers. There's nothing quite as sumptuous as champagne for setting the hair. A Golden-Girl type we know uses splits (non-vintage, we'll give her that), but the rest of us are more apt to collect leftovers. This could lead to a nibble of caviar at bedtime, or just a nibble.

As the rose goes—and dying roses do smell the sweetest. Strip off the petals to strew on your bath water; gives a dazzling sense of pampered abandon. On a rose-less day, work up an orgy with scented oil, aromatic herbs, seaweed, gel, or the concentrated tea that Roman women use to shade their skins.

Long may it wave. The newest romp has got to be the Water Bed, luller in sleep and loller for waking hours. The blissful buoyancy one feels is not unlike free-floating on a calm sea, and the only hardship could be time to get up.

Comfort thee with apples. One a day keeps your interior ticking over like a Swiss watch, and grated apple, mixed with skin lotion and a dash of lemon, is a whiz at freshening and degreasing your skin.

Every volt counts. Last-minute hair repair is easier than ever, what with electric curlers, driers, and now electric combs and brushes. There's even a fast, hi-fi facial mist, and the lighted mirror for clean makeup accuracy. Add to all this the powered toothbrush, the manicure set, and a steam unit that de-frumps your travelling clothes and you can't help but give electricity a tremendous plug.

Let your fingers do the working. There you are with ten little beauty-pads, sensitive to your every inch. Dip the tips into new little pots of colour made to be patted on your lips and cheeks, flapper-fashion. Use them to place your short, layered hairdo better than any comb or brush. Also, you might want to copy a peachblossom we know who has a way of massaging her cheeks to brush away dead cells and flag up circulation.

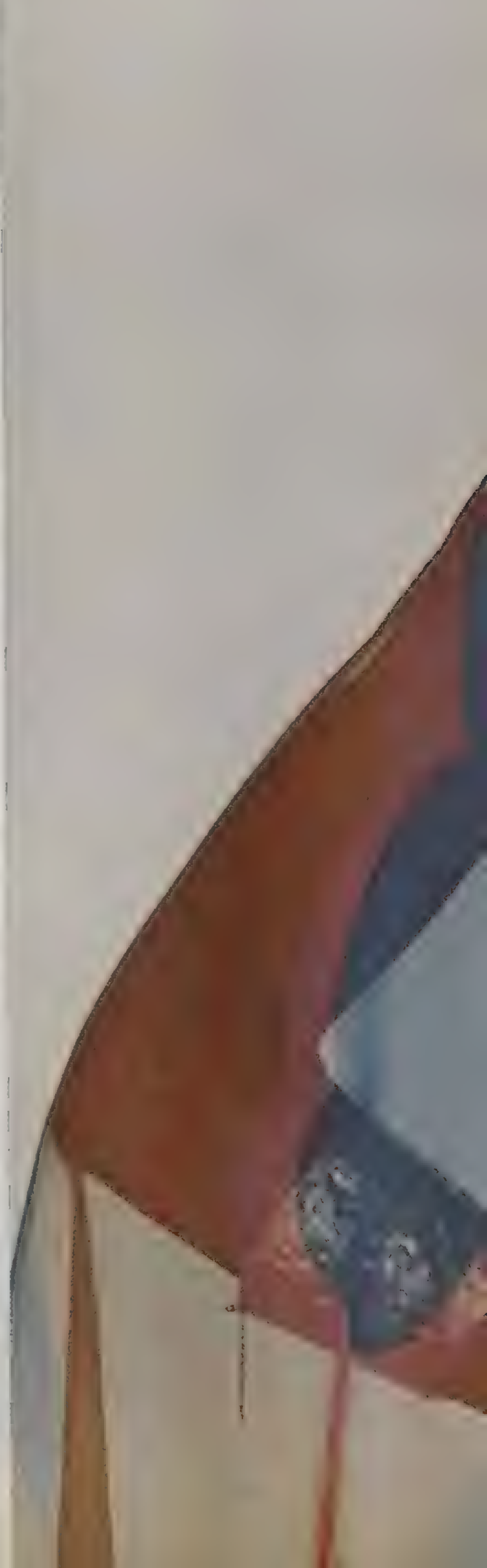
Take up makeup. More fun, more creative than, say, needlepoint is playing around with the new sharp-sweet colours that are suddenly everywhere. Lay out a flock of fantasies for your lips and eyes and skin, and razzle-dazzle up a different, more alluring you. Note: vivid lips are young, young, young. Gold face powder couldn't be more alluring on any shade girl.

Skip it—who knows, maybe that second-grade skipping rope is still at the bottom of your old toy chest. Dig it out, borrow or buy one; rope-footwork is one of the all-time greats for whittling down any padding you may have acquired since school let out.

The sweet success of smell belongs wherever you live. Think about the deliciousness of fat, fragrant soap cakes in the linen closet, sachet in your lingerie, pomander balls among your clothing, (Continued on page 180)

A pretty woman is bold with gold, right: Gold gleaming on the arms, gold spiralling on the throat, and a huge, marvellous square of hammered gold sculpture swinging against a rainbow of sari-wrapped chiffon. Necklace, choker, and wristbands of 24-k. gold backed with 18-k., by Lisa Sotilis, at the Iolas Gallery. Printed silk scarf from the Hanae Mori Boutique. . . . **bold with blue:** eyes circled, shaded, and deepened in a bright cornflower blue, and a glistening honey shade staining the mouth—Polly Bergen's Smudge Blue Liquid Eye Colour and Forever Umber Liquid Mouth Colour. The coiffure, by Franklyn Welsh.

PENN







A 1971 GIGI LOOKS AT SEX
A WAY OF LIFE, A PRIVATE JOY

"In the rose-yellow silence" of evening on a rooftop in New York, Queenie, not quite sixteen, like Colette's Gigi schooled for love, gets a shock. This excerpt is from a biting, extravagant book, "Queenie," published March 29 by Arbor House.

FROM A NEW NOVEL BY HORTENSE CALISHER

I remember it all—how we all stand there, helpfully, and in the pleasance of somebody and something tidied, at half-past five of an evening just like now, daylight time not gone yet but not bikini season anymore, in the dark cool of a brilliant storm holding off, olive and orange in the west, to the northeast the whole misty moisty town, and between them the park that tells us our weather, our inland sea. We're a strange place if you could see us, and I suppose a strange family, in our cottage set in the skyscraper mountains, me with a mother who is my aunt, and a father who's my uncle they say, and doesn't live with us, quite.

All loving and loved—why, that's nothing to be that, not in my aunt's métier! Which is so comfortably padded for a child to grow up in, in with all the other pretty ladies, Aurine's card crowd, and their by-blows. Not many ugly ducklings among us, we are all pre-selected, on the mother's side. Pains-in-the-ass some of those kids, of course, but still Saturday afternoon company, with all the women discussing our points above our heads and all our history known to them. All the way from the real lace on my confirmation pants (they know the very dress of Aurine's it has migrated from) to chuckles over what Tekla's son Giorgio and I had done in the bathroom or been prevented from. Right down to some hard talk about real importances—shall the mole near my left lip be let stay for a beauty mole? Only yesterday, Aurine reported slyly that Giorgio, whom we hadn't seen much of lately, had stayed out all night.

'Twasn't religion that weighed on her, Gran said, or morals either; the world socked her with summat more serious. "'Twas that the guff I was brought up on, girl, wasn't most other people's guff."

. . . Oh Gran, even if that turns out to be true, you and the girls still gave me the best guff you had! I didn't hear about the mysteries of life, I got the recipes. . . .

Like how the hair on that part of a woman should be brushed with an English hairbrush only. Housekeeping, that's what the profession is really! I learn what's "good" for my body just the way I learn lemon oil is good for mahogany. And what's good for me in a man's, in the warning that the way a man is formed—they never say "hung"—maybe isn't everything. And—how to thumb a man's eyeballs if he really means force.

Or like when Martyne, ex-Martha from Chattanooga, drops by for one of Aurine's mint juleps, I listen closely: Aurine always gives the recipe. "Jigger bourbon, crushed ice, mint, put the glasses in the fridge for an hour," this last slower, with the eyes closing. Then breathless, "Jigger of brandy at the last." Then she opens her eyes, says, "It's the before and the after makes *every*thing," and I know she's talking about love—and that she once had somebody from Dixie. She never makes juleps in front of Oscar.

Bad language I never get from the girls; their tongues have a crook in them like a tea drinker's pinkie—they're ladies, not whores. Gran is franker. "Dirty language a man can get from his wife." And it's just as hard to learn the baby facts of life as in a normal household anywhere. Only the girls' temperaments, like their skins, are brighter, their ideas on it not so drear. Cabbage babies or Macy ones?—at six I know better; babies come from Argentina—"*Olé!*" or from Rio where Giorgio had, or when more workaday, at least from Aurine's dream-basement, where on a trip there she'd once bought six *cafés filtres* with silver suck-straws, and a *bain-marie*—the Galeries Lafayette. If anything, babies came in *bains-marie*.

There's no nonsense about wanting them, of course. But if we somehow get there, good grace to us—and a handmade layette. And adoration everlasting, from all the mothers in the set. Plus constant courting presents from the gentlemen, who continue but may not be the same. . . .

"Oh Giorgio," I say, "remember that bridge party at Nila's?" Where the only real ugly duckling among us kids, and the youngest, pops that pop question: "Where do I come from?"

. . . There's a full house that day, and each girl with her trademark. Hunks of Polish amber on the Slavs. Afternoon aquamarines on the Gabor types. A tiny French girl in three kinds of black. A Russian in riding habit and an Irish girl in Russian boots, one Andorran, one from Lichtenstein, and a Hungarian said to have the most beautiful backside in the New York area (two dimples). A pair of Spanish sisters like out of Lorca—how they ever separate is not known, and an Italian goitre-beauty named Alba, in a plain dress with a hundred seams, and a gold wedding band. And of course all the differing heads, billowing and coronet-braided, plus Tekla with her Swedish mannish and Riviera headband.

And the hostess herself, like a beautiful slim toucan, with a nose like little Ugly.

"Only he can't wear on his head what she does," Giorgio whispers to me—a frill of silk-petalled peonies and black water lilies balanced on an artfully streaming back-string. Maybe someday he will.

"Where do you come from, my plum—" she says to Nose Junior, in a voice like a warm accordion—a lot of them talk to us like that. "You came down a diamond drainpipe, darling! That's where you got that purple scratch on your heinie!" And maybe those pimples. But she grabs him to her breast, looking at the others. "Yes, you just squeaked through."

And four full tables of contract bridge look down at him, their eyes radiant. . . .

. . . Sometimes there were uncle troubles. Or business ones. Or well-known combinations of these. But then the presents erupted again, and what fancies they were—diamonds from Van Cleef, under whose weight a girl could scarcely lift a finger to trump her partner's ace, or those enamel-encrusted icons from À La Vieille Russie, bought on Tekla's hint to Oscar, that lit up a whole corner of our sitting room. The girls all gave advice to each other's protectors, and help-

(Continued on page 171)

Scarlet nails: male bait Ranked high on every man's list of feminine attractions is, always, hands. Ask one. Men love beautiful hands—on a steering wheel, raising a wine glass, holding his hand. A firm handshake is sexy. Hands are sexy. And what about these, cream-and-crimson hands that could have tempted Adam, the nails enamelled with the most famous red of all, Revlon's Fire And Ice. A contradiction in terms? Only an enigma, like women. . . .

Gold and flowing serpents, charming creatures, brightly enamelled, coiled about narrow wrists—as enticing as Eve's, but unlike Eve's, each concealing a watch in its head. Enamelled gold serpent-watches with diamond, sapphire, and ruby eyes, by Bulgari of Rome, in New York at Danaos at the Hotel Pierre.

PENN

CUBISM



PABLO PICASSO BEGAN, IN THE WINTER OF 1906-1907, DRAWINGS SPARKED BY THE AFRICAN SCULPTURE, *LEFT*, HE HAD SEEN IN THE STUDIO OF MAURICE DE VLAMINCK. A PICASSO LITHOGRAPH AND A STUDY, *ABOVE*, GREW INTO HIS EPOCH-MAKING PAINTING, *OPPOSITE*, THAT DESTROYED WESTERN ART CONVENTIONS FIVE CENTURIES OLD.

In 1906, Albert Einstein had just formulated his theory of relativity; James Joyce was finishing *Dubliners*; and Pablo Picasso (shown, *left*, with cap in Montmartre) had begun the drawings and studies that led to "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," *opposite*, the first Cubist masterpiece and the extraordinary beginning of modern art. The lightning flash that irrevocably changed our vision by the end of World War I was seen throughout Europe—Mondrian in Holland; Marc, Klee, and Feininger in Germany; Malevich, Goncharova, Larionov, and Tatlin in Russia; the Futurists in Italy; the Vorticists in England. Guillaume Apollinaire and Pierre Reverdy, poets drawn to Braque and Picasso, experimented with Cubist poems and Gertrude Stein with Cubist prose. Through Cubism came the breakthrough to abstraction, an intellectual atmosphere that supported Kandinsky's early experiments with abstract art. Cubism became a pervasive style, spinning off Art Deco and the Bauhaus. Many artists, by means of Cubism, passed on to constructivism or total abstraction. Others, like Fernand Léger (whose London and Biot, France, retrospectives are reviewed on page 161 by Barbara Rose), found a powerful, renewed representation.

THE AFRICAN SCU.PTURE, **LEFT**, FROM MAURICE DE VLAMINCK'S STUDIO IN PARIS; THE STUDY, **TOP RIGHT**, FOR "NUDE WITH DRAPERY" FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY.

THE MOST IMPORTANT REVOLUTION IN ART SINCE THE RENAISSANCE—A CHANGE THAT OCCURRED ALMOST OVERNIGHT IN 1907—IS THE SOURCE FOR AN OVERPOWERING, HIGHLY SELECTIVE EXHIBITION, "THE CUBIST EPOCH," ORGANIZED BY DOUGLAS COOPER, OPENING AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART IN NEW YORK. BELOW, PABLO PICASSO'S "LES DEMOISELLES D'AVIGNON," THE PAINTING THAT SET OFF THAT EXPLOSION IN ALL THE ARTS, CHANGED VISION, AND BEGAN MODERN ART.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART IN NEW YORK

THIS CENTURY'S NEW VISION



ANALYTICAL
CUBISM, THE MAJOR PHASE:
PABLO PICASSO'S "MAN
SMOKING A PIPE," 1911, THE KIMBELL
ART FOUDATION, FORT WORTH, TEXAS

CUBISM

MAKING A NEW REALITY

PICASSO AND BRAQUE, THEIR CUBIST YEARS:

"Rather like two mountain climbers roped together. . . ."

By Robert Phelps

"We know now that art is not the truth. It is a lie which permits us to approach the truth, to glimpse the truth. . . ."
—Picasso

"Cubisme: *École moderne d'art qui se proposait de représenter les objets sous les formes géométriques.*"
—Petit Larousse

The October he was twenty-five, Picasso was living in Montmartre, a few blocks below the dome of the Sacré-Coeur, in an old rabbit warren of studios and apartments at number 13, rue Ravignan. On the street level, the building seemed only one storey high (thus resembling one of the old laundry barges moored along the Seine, so that it became known locally as the Bateau Lavoir), but at the rear it spilled down a precipitous hillside for several floors, like an old bed sheet thrown over a balcony rail, or a wisteria vine run amok. Nothing is there anymore. The street name has been changed to the Place Émile-Goudeau, and the Bateau burned down last year. But it was there, during the winter of 1906-07, that Picasso painted and repainted a picture called "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" which today is regarded as the beginning of Cubism.

It was a large picture, and it represented five girls posing in a brothel—but five such girls as had never been seen before, either on a canvas or elsewhere. When Gertrude Stein, whose portrait Picasso had finished earlier that same year, asked for an explanation, the reply was possibly the best definition of Cubism we shall ever get: "You paint not what you see, but what you know is there."

Thus, whatever else it may have been, Cubism amounted, from the start, to a root change in the old order. For five hundred years, European painters had been concerned with perspective, colour, light, with what the *eye* can see. Then in 1906, Picasso began to wonder why a picture could not just as well be concerned with what the *mind* can see. He had looked at Le Douanier Rousseau's "primitive" paintings (he had even bought one, which he owns today); he had pondered Cézanne's dictum about seeing nature in terms of "the cylinder, the sphere, and the cone"; and along with Derain and Matisse he had been moved by certain pieces of African sculpture, which he called "rational," i.e., more than merely visual in its representation. Now he asked himself why a picture of five female figures could not be composed of shapes that the brain could conceive as well as those the optic nerve registered? For instance, the mind knows that behind any square shape there is a cube. Why couldn't this cube be exposed, brought forward onto the picture plane, and made part of the whole composition?

About the same time he was working on "Les Demoiselles," Picasso met a young poet in a bar in the Saint-Lazare railway station. His real name was Kostrowitzky and he earned his living as a newspaperman and called himself Guillaume Apollinaire. They became friends (all his life Picasso gravitated toward writers, from Max Jacob and Gertrude Stein to Jean Cocteau and Paul Éluard) and one day in late 1907, Apollinaire brought Georges Braque to the Bateau Lavoir.

A year Picasso's junior, Braque had already shown his first paintings under the aus- (Continued on page 178)



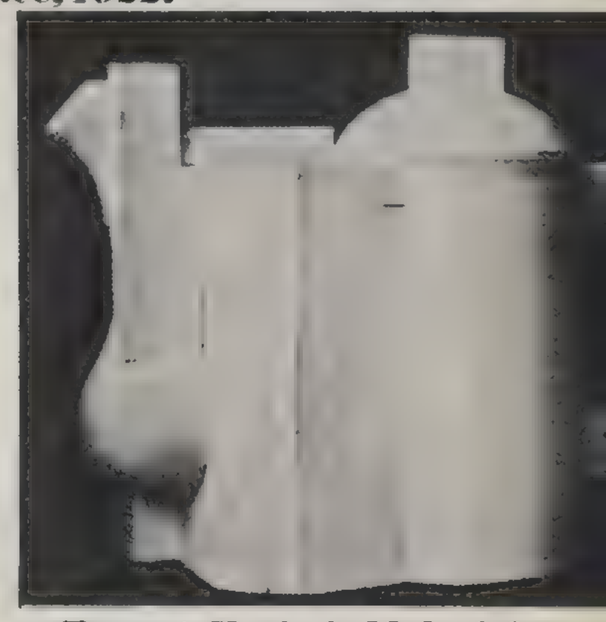
Left: *Setting for the film* The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, *Germany, 1919.*

Right: *Advertisement, Fernand Léger, France, 1922.*





Parade *ballet costume, Pablo Picasso, France, 1917.*



Teapot, Kasimir Malevich, U.S.S.R., c. 1920.



Bauhaus cradle, Peter Keler, Germany, 1922.



Fabric design in silk, Sonia Delaunay, France, 1925.

Automobile decoration, Maurice Dufrène, France, 1925.

Dress design, "La Muse Cubiste," Erté, France, 1914.

CUBISM TAKES OVER

The triumph to extremity of a style



LORDING IT!

How to be faded, frail, discouraged, rumpled, indistinct, deflated, whiny, loud, dreadful, lacklustre, raging, melancholy, and indecisive, OR fat, ugly, petulant, over-forty, scatty, and egocentric, OR drunk, crazy, and self-centred, OR snippy, vicious, lisping, hateful, imperious, impossible—and love it

BY RUTH GORDON

Forty-eighth Street was full of cars. At the Vanderbilt Theatre, people were pouring in to the first night of Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*. In Atlantic City it had been called *Chris Christopherson* when George Tyler produced it, starring Lynn Fontanne. At the end of a week it closed on the Boardwalk and Tyler put Lynn in something called *Made of Money*. Draw the veil. Arthur Hopkins took over and *Chris Christopherson* became *Anna Christie*. Arthur engaged Pauline Lord to play Anna. To see Pauline was to admire her, but most people hadn't. She was always in something where she got rave notices and the show closed that Saturday night.

The curtain went up on Robert Edmond Jones's barroom. Back in the dim light, someone strayed on, so unimpressive, so faded, so rumpled and indistinct it was as though she wasn't there. At the end of the evening there was no one there except her. The frail girl in the worn brown velvet dress made theatre history when she dropped down on the bar chair and, in a discouraged murmur that could be heard in the back of the gallery, asked for a whiskey.

We filed out onto Forty-eighth Street and knew we'd been in the presence. Great writing, great acting!

Only Grace Filkins was battling the past. "A whore in brown velvet? A whore must wear red."

But that was for De Wolf Hopper's aunt's scrapbook. After Pauline's brown velvet, a whore could wear any old thing.

So could Pauline. At Guthrie's, Ruth Chatterton tossed her soft, thick mink coat on the hall chair. Pauline looked at it and deflated. She muttered, "Where'll I throw *my* horse blanket?"

New York was hers and so was London after she played *Anna Christie* there. They asked her to go with Dame Ellen Terry to welcome Duse, arriving from the Continent on the "Golden Arrow." First the Lord Mayor would board the train, then as he led Duse out onto the platform, Pauline and Dame Ellen would present her with a bouquet. The train approached Victoria Station, the guard opened the gate for the welcoming party, Pauline beside Dame Ellen's wheelchair followed the Lord Mayor. The train stopped, the Lord Mayor went in, Dame Ellen touched Pauline's sleeve. Pauline bent down to hear. "Who are we welcoming, dear?"

Ben Winter let Pauline have the place at Ellenville in the Catskills when they divorced. She lived up there with one servant, the Black chauffeur. "We look at the Sears Roebuck catalogue nights and pick out things to order," she said. "That's how I keep him, he hasn't got much sense. Getting ready to come to New York to do *Ethan*, I told him to get the phone cut off. He picked up the library scissors and cut the wire."

At my house on Twelfth Street we were trimming the Christmas tree. The doorbell rang, I opened the door.

"Von Cuzzin live here?" asked a chauffeur.

"No." I closed the door.

The bell rang again.

"They don't live here," I said.

The chauffeur looked troubled.

I went back to trimming the tree. Five minutes later I went through the hall and the chauffeur still stood on the steps. "They don't *live* here."

"Von Cuzzin?" he pleaded.

"Give me that." I grabbed the beribboned Christmas package. The card read "Fond Cousin, from Pauline." When Zeena Frome sent for Mattie, she described her to Ethan as her only cousin she was fond of.

"Von Cuzzin?" her chauffeur asked. If *your* name was Ruth Gordon, would *you* think that package was for you?

(Continued)

RUTH "SEVENTY-FIVE-AT-MY-NEXT-BIRTHDAY" GORDON

right, in her go-everywhere student's cap bought on Broadway and her basic chinchilla, looks like a displaced pupil of Miss Jean Brodie, wears her age as a merit badge. Another merit badge: her twenty-nine-year-happy marriage to Garson Kanin, a writer with a sweet-and-sharp wit. Now on top of her world with her autobiography, *Myself Among Others* (from which this excerpt comes) to be published on May 10 by Atheneum, Ruth Gordon stars in a new movie, *Harold and Maude*. Twenty-two-year-old Bud Cort plays Harold. When a friend asked Ruth Gordon who was playing the girl, she answered, with reason, "I am."



AVEDON



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Pauline Lord, had a full run, starring in *Anna Christie, The Late Christopher Bean,* and as Zeena Frome in *Ethan Frome,* the dramatization by Owen and Donald Davis of Edith Wharton's masterly novel. In the play, Raymond Massey was Ethan and Ruth Gordon the young Mattie.

Grace Filkins, American actress, who first hit the stage in 1879, died, at the age of ninety-seven, in 1962.

De Wolf Hopper, comedian and musical star who whooped it up with vaudeville's great Weber and Fields and recited *Casey at the Bat* into immortality.

Guthrie McClintic, stage manager, producer, and husband of **Katharine Cornell.** "Kit" first bloomed as a dark, slender, ravishing girl in 1921 in *A Bill of Divorcement,* later played Iris March in *The Green Hat,* then Candida, and Elizabeth Barrett in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* Those were the architectural columns of her success.

Ruth Chatterton, long a star, made her name in *Daddy Long-Legs.*

Dame Ellen Terry, the great English star, the friend of George Bernard Shaw and the creator of some of his heroines.

Eleanora Duse, the powerful Italian actress of genius, whose great love was Gabriele D'Annunzio. She first played in New York in 1893. Her voice and hands were extraordinary, her fingers, long and straight, like bare boughs.

Ben Winter, briefly the husband of Pauline Lord.

Max Gordon, a theatrical manager and producer who made it.

Alexander Woollcott, a short, fat drama critic of unbridled sentimentality, enthusiasm, and unstable judgments, effusively loved by his clique.

Judd Gray and Ruth Snyder, convicted murderers in one of the most sensational cases of the 'twenties, who were executed in 1928 at Sing Sing Prison.

Harry Luce, co-founder with Briton Hadden of *Time.* When both were at Yale, Big Men On Campus, Brit one day said to Henry Luce: "Look out, Harry, you'll drop the college." After Hadden's death, Henry R. Luce went on to found *Life, Fortune,* and a stack of other projects.

Harpo Marx, the Marx Brother with the golden curls who kept quiet only on screen.

George S. Kaufman, drama editor of *The New York Times,* director, and playwright who won a Pulitzer Prize for *You Can't Take It With You.*

Alice Duer Miller, a delight of a woman who wrote, among other things, *The White Cliffs of Dover.*

Frank Harris, American novelist, biographer, dramatist, unforgotten for his dirty 'twenties book, *My Life and Loves.*

Mrs. Pat, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the English actress for whom G. B. Shaw wrote Eliza of *Pygmalion,* and then some.

Sir Max Beerbohm, "the Incomparable Max," English novelist, critic, caricaturist who, in line and word, pretty well took care of an entire generation.

Otis Skinner, a looming American actor, father of the charmer Cornelia Otis Skinner, and husband of **Maud Durbin.**

Louise Groody, singing, dancing, was the first Nanette of *No, No, Nanette* in 1925.

Oliver Messel, English artist and set designer still lavishing his grand visual gestures, now in the Bahamas.

Charles Brackett, Hollywood writer and producer who, as one and/or the other, won Oscars for *The Lost Weekend, Sunset Boulevard,* and *Titanic.*

Philip Barry, American playwright born with the gift of Main Line in his tongue, especially in *The Philadelphia Story.*

Sara and Gerald Murphy, blazers at the centre of the 'twenties, American expatriates in Paris and on the Riviera, the first inspiration for Nicole and Dick Diver in F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel *Tender is The Night.*

W. Somerset Maugham, the writer whose life and tongue were altogether up to his brilliant novels and stories, part of any rudimentary English-literature library.

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, coupled in marriage and on stage, whose remarkable stage timing, presence, and posture made them pillars of The Theatre Guild, as well as all theatre in America and Genesee Depot, Wisconsin.

Richard Whorf, American stage and movie actor who went on to direct some of television's enduring potboilers.

Sydney Greenstreet, the British actor, fat, ominous, pale, who was the other man in the Humphrey Bogart film *The Maltese Falcon.*

Pauline sat in her dressing room in Philadelphia where the *Ethan Frome* dress rehearsals were under way. "Jesus Christ," she whined, scraping her nail file over the toe of a made-to-order I. Miller cloth-topped kid boot. "I may go back in stock." She pulled the emery board back and forth over the cloth top where her ankles would rub. "With this goddam management I have to work harder over my wardrobe than I work over my part. In stock if you wear old shoes, there *are* some. Why does Max Gordon have to have them made to order?"

We were dismissed till the night's dress rehearsal. Guthrie was focusing lights on the flowerlike face of eighteen-year-old Sylvia Weld standing in for Pauline and me. "She looks like an orangoutang!" moaned Pauline loud enough to scare everyone. "Why don't you light *us* like you light Kit?" She continued up the aisle and out into the lobby, leaving an expression of horror on the flowerlike face of eighteen-year-old Sylvia Weld. I wonder what expression was on Guthrie's face. His hat brim was down.

When she felt like acting, Pauline was the greatest, and she felt like it opening nights. She felt like it again when someone she knew was out front. Other times she felt like it when she felt like it. When she didn't, it was startling. Too discouraged to care, she hurried through or gave up altogether. "I told Jotham to hitch the horses. I got to get over to Bettsbridge and get me that new Energex Vibrator. The pains in my legs are getting something awful and. . . ." She was too discouraged. "Oh, Jesus Christ," she groaned, opened the door and disappeared. She hadn't even given that dreadful threat that she would spend the night in Bettsbridge. Some nights she filled Mattie and Ethan with dread and some nights Massey and me.

"Tell me when anybody's out front," she said.

"You really want to know?"

"How else do you think I give a performance?"

"Woollcott's coming a week from tomorrow."

"Oh, thanks."

That night she gave a lacklustre performance. Just ran through the lines. Didn't she like Woollcott? He didn't like her performance and wrote her so. "The way you played Zeena made Ethan and Mattie look like Judd Gray and Ruth Snyder."

Naughty Ruth Gordon never forgets: "P.S. I think you ought to know I'm living with an Egyptian prince." "What's wrong with being the only girl with two fellows?" "A chain was where his belt should have been if he'd been wearing pants." "It wasn't love, but I liked him."

After the final curtain call, Pauline asked, "Did you know Woollcott was out front last night?"

"I told you he was coming."

"When!" She suddenly was in a rage.

"A week ago."

"Well, Christ! What good is *that?* When anybody's out front, God damn it, you *tell* me! Then *keep* telling me, God damn it! *Tell* me till the day after they come, for Christ's sake!"

Ruth Chatterton said her mother and Pauline would sit for hours and talk and smoke. As they finished a cigarette, they'd put the butts on the mantel, then when the pack was empty they'd start smoking the line of butts. Ruth said if she came in, Pauline and Tilly clammed up; she'd leave, they'd buzz again.

Pauline was a good laugher and liked to. She was also easy to put on. "Max Gordon has a new play for me," I said.

Her look grew melancholy. She didn't care if Max had a new play for *her,* but she didn't want him to have one for me if he didn't have one for her. "What is it?"

"It's *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.*"

She looked horrified. "Are *you* going to play Rebecca?"

"That's what he wants," I said. "And he wants you to play Uncle Jerry Cobb."

The sun shone. It's a relief when someone else *isn't* offered a play.

"Jesus Christ! Will you stop that sighing!" Pauline's soft indecisive voice rang out firm from Dressing Room I at the National.

"I didn't know I was."

"Well, cut it out! It means somebody's walking over your grave. Jesus Christ! I hope I never get in a show with you again. What do you *sigh* about?"

Once when I hadn't seen her for a long time, at the Guaranty Trust we were each cashing a check. "I'm leaving for Baltimore," she said.

"Are you playing there?"

She looked discouraged, then nodded. "I'm in another turkey."

"When do you open?"

"I don't know. Some day next week."

"What is it?"

She raised her eyebrows. "You tell *me!* The name of it's *The Late Christopher Bean!*"

"Is it good?"

She looked past the bank toward the general direction of Bettsbridge, shrugged her shoulders, and moaned, "If Lord's in it, it'll be a turkey."

The Late Christopher Bean and Pauline made history at the Henry Miller Theatre.

On a rainy Wednesday Pauline's funeral was held at noon at the Little Church Around the Corner, named so from the day Grace Church refused an actor a funeral service. "Try the little church around the corner," they said.

Pauline's was on a rainy Wednesday. Too bad it was a matinee day. Too bad more people didn't go. Empty seats up and down the side aisles and empty rows at the back. The only one there that I knew was Guthrie's manager, Stanley Gilkey. We had sat around together during *Ethan Frome* rehearsals and today we sat together again. The service was short. Impersonal. It could have been for anyone. It was for the great Pauline. "Lord's in another turkey," she'd said at the Guaranty Trust.

In the drugstore in Washington across from the Treasury Building, Garson asked, "Do you sell glue?"

The man behind the counter went on the alert. "What do you want *that* for?" Was he faced with two addicts?

"What do you want that for?" Garson asked me.

"To glue the sole of my shoe on."

"To glue the sole of her shoe on."

The man looked us over, then shoved a pad and ball-point forward. "Write down your full name and address and age."

Drugstores in our nation's capital have to know if it's for a sniff or a cobble.

The only fortune-teller I ever went to said, "Ruthie, why don't you be smart?" Did he say the same to a Worcester priest?

When *Time* magazine started, it didn't find it so easy to get going and once offered a perpetual subscription for one hundred dollars. There weren't too many takers, but one hundred dollars came in from a priest from Worcester. He received *Time* for the rest of his days. At *Time*'s fortieth birthday party, Harry Luce asked him to stand up.

Guess who stood up. Cardinal Spellman.

Do you think anybody's going to leave you something? I expect a million from a man in Streator, Illinois. Would he be around ninety now? It may be any minute. He was going to kill himself, but before he did he went to see *Fair and Warmer* and laughed so, he cheered up and made a fortune, so in his will he'll want "a million to go to that adorable actress who played Blanny in *Fair and Warmer* at the theatre in Streator, Illinois, on the night of January 16, 1917." And that's me.

(Streator, Illinois, paper, copy.)

Did you ever try to tell a story to Frank Sinatra? If you do, he's apt to interrupt: "Is this going to take long?"

In the 'twenties, Alexander Woollcott and Harpo Marx rented a villa in Antibes and invited me to join them. Does it seem long, so far?

Earlier in the summer there had been hostesses, but by the time *King's X* folded in Atlantic City, hostess Kaufman had sneaked back to New York to hold George's hand during his first directorial assignment, *The Front Page.* Hostess Alice Duer Miller had left for Cairo as houseguest of Pearl White, whose invitation concluded with "P. S. I think you ought to know I am living with an Egyptian prince."

With such diverse inducements, Villa Ganelon lost its ladies and I was stuck with Woollcott and Marx.

Stuck with Woollcott had its advantages. He knew everybody everywhere and they were glad when he called up or wrote. His note had brought Bernard Shaw and Mrs. to lunch, not once but twice. A phone call from Woollcott and we had high tea with Frank Harris in his apartment up in the Cimien Hills at a place called the Jersey City Pension, where tea and jelly roll competed with the names of Oscar, Beausy, G.B.S., Mrs. Pat, and "the Incomparable Max."

An invite from Woollcott and his dinner guests at the villa were Otis Skinner and Otis's former leading lady, adorable Maud Durbin, long since become Mrs. Skinner and mother of illustrious Cornelia. They arrived as Harpo came down the stairs on his way to a costume ball, dressed as the Spirit of Toilet Paper. Around his waist a chain, the handle marked "Tirez," was where his belt should have been if he'd been wearing pants. I came a step behind him dressed as a Pregnant Doll.

Mrs. Skinner raised her lorgnette and murmured, "Ve-ry inter-esting." Was that where *Laugh-In* picked it up?

Host Marx and I went on to the ball and host Woollcott was left to continue.

At one time or another the whole Côte d'Azur dropped in. Louise Groody on leave from *Hit the Deck,* which, unlike my show, didn't fold, showed up with a Newport Goelet. Woollcott took an equal dislike to both.

Elsa Maxwell sat on our terrace singing her scatty version of the new hit: "There was I with all my britches burned. . . ."

"That would be the biggest conflagration since the Chicago fire," exclaimed Woollcott.

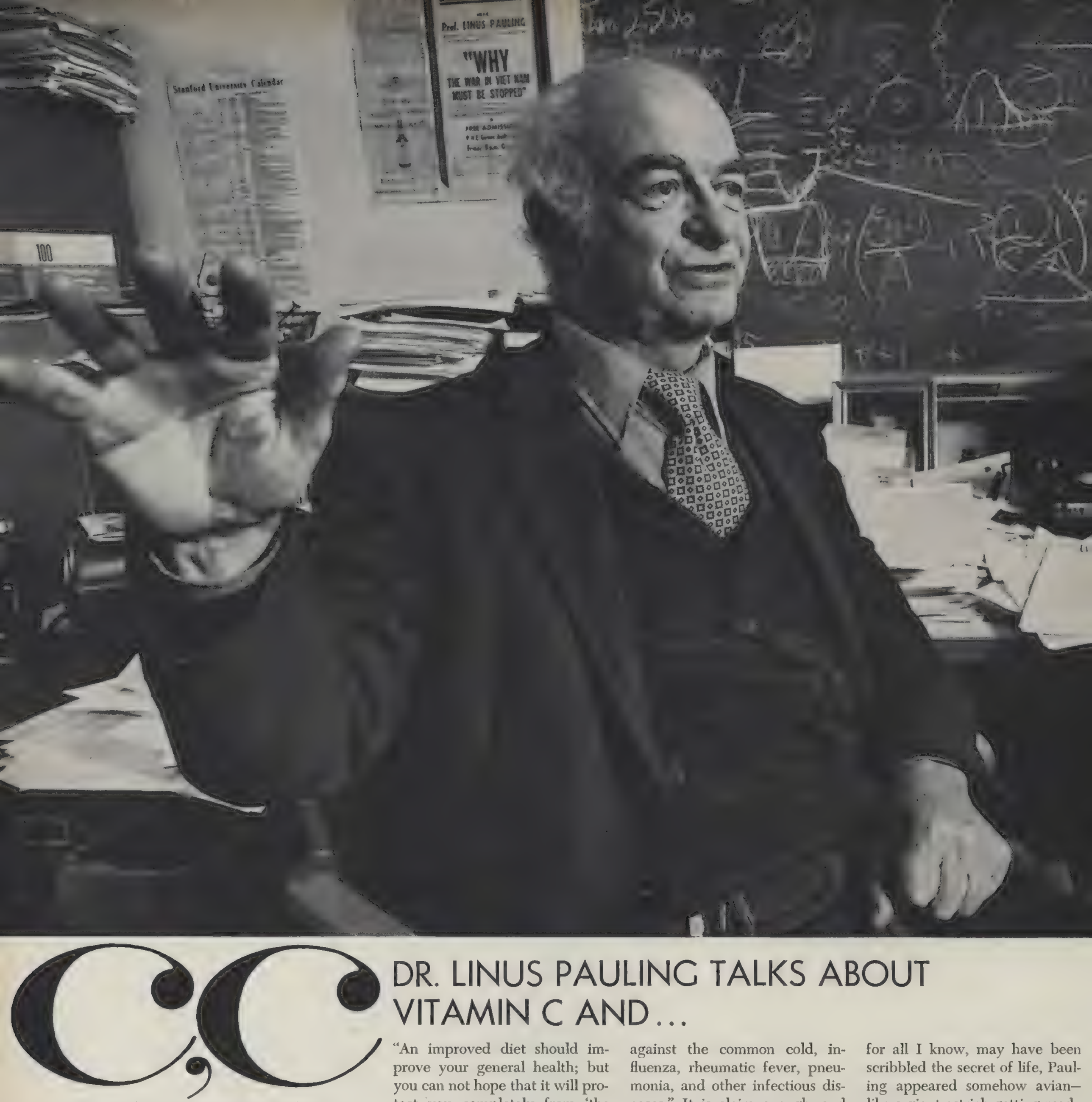
Elsa never noticed a knock, but settled back on our cushions and sold Cole Porter. "He's *not* a dilettante, he's a serious talent!"

"If he's so serious, what's he doing with the Princess Jane Faustino and the Duke of Alba and the King of Spain? If he's so goddam dedicated, why's he giving Red and White Balls in his and Robert Browning's palazzo, décor by Oliver Messel?"

"Listen to this!" she shouted and shoved us into our drawing room. "Listen!" She took over our piano. "Let's Do It" she followed with "What is this thing called love? This funny thing called. . . ."

What did *you* think the first time you ever heard Cole Porter? Friend of Duke or Princess or King, I wanted to hear some more.

"Wait till the season *starts!*" roared Elsa. "Ray Goetz is putting on *Fifty Million Frenchmen.* There'll be a line (Continued on page 173)



DR. LINUS PAULING TALKS ABOUT VITAMIN C AND . . .

An exclusive interview with
Dr. Linus Pauling,
the controversial
Nobel Prize-winning scientist,
who, with his best-selling,
rule-breaking book
about vitamin C and the
common cold, looks for simple
answers to medical riddles
other scientists avoid

BY LETICIA KENT

"An improved diet should improve your general health; but you can not hope that it will protect you completely from 'the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable boneache, and the riveled fee-simple of the tetter.'" So wrote Linus C. Pauling, Ph.D., (with a proper credit to William Shakespeare) in his current book, *Vitamin C and the Common Cold*. But, said Pauling, the ingestion of large amounts of vitamin C *can* "provide protection against the common cold, influenza, rheumatic fever, pneumonia, and other infectious diseases." It is claim enough—and in medical quarters, too much.

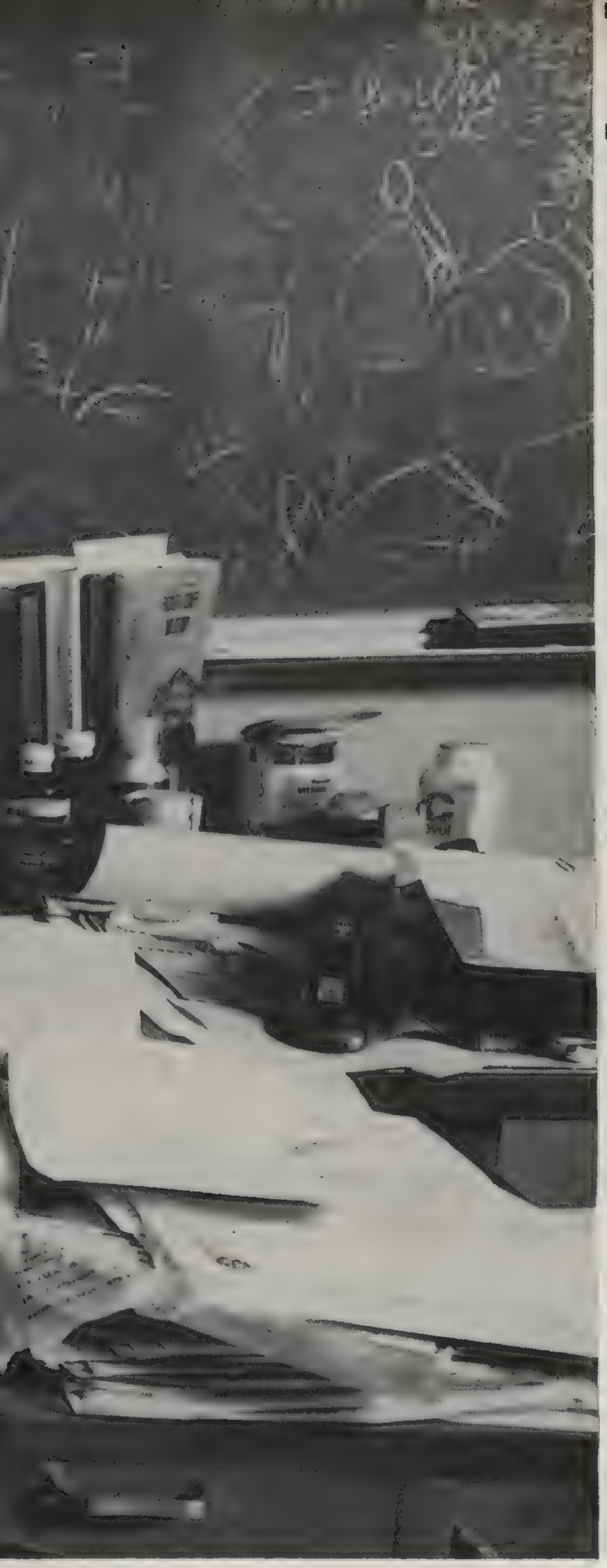
When the controversy hotted up, I went to see Dr. Pauling at Stanford University in Palo Alto, California, where he teaches chemistry. I wanted to learn how he answered the virulent criticism his book had aroused among doctors and whether or not the book was a polite attempt to turn medical research on its head. I found him at work in a tiny office stacked with cans of ascorbic acid and books and atomic models. Seated at his desk before a blackboard on which, for all I know, may have been scribbled the secret of life, Pauling appeared somehow avian—like a giant ostrich getting ready for a run. And there was a forbidding, condemning look in his eyes. "Another quibbler," they seemed to say.

At seventy, Pauling is America's most distinguished chemist, holding two Nobel Prizes (Chemistry, 1954, and Peace, 1962). And he has enough moxie not to suffer fools gladly. I suffered and was not glad:

Kent (leading off a trifle too aggressively): Why did you just speculate about vitamin C preventing or easing the common cold? Why didn't you conduct a

"You know, you never want to let a 'fact' stand in the way of a good theory."

—Linus Pauling, as quoted by Arthur Cherkin



BRUCE DAVIDSON

Dr. Linus Pauling in his office at Stanford University, Palo Alto, California, where he is professor of chemistry

scientific study, say, in cooperation with others? That way, you wouldn't have been so vulnerable to the criticism that has raged around your book.

Pauling (more angry than forbearing): Well, I didn't "speculate" about vitamin C. Sometimes I speculate about some things—but *not* about vitamin C. My book is largely a discussion of the published *evidence* about vitamin C in relation to the common cold. The various studies—often double blind studies—carried out by physicians using approved methods have *all* shown with statistical significance—high statistical significance—that 200 milligrams of vitamin C a day has protective effect against the common cold. That, in this dosage, it decreases the incidence of individual colds by about 15 per cent and the severity by about the same amount. These published experimental results eliminate the hypothesis that vitamin C in these amounts has *no* protective effect.

Kent: But you didn't go to the laboratory. Perhaps it's too much to expect of a scientist of your stature to spend time feeding rats or people.

Pauling: My associates and I *have* done a lot of work on vitamin C in human beings, but we have not studied the protective power of ascorbic acid [vitamin C] against the common cold. The cost of such an investigation might be as high as $100,000. There's the time required to raise the money, the time required to collect a staff, the time to do the study, and then to evaluate it—this would take years. It isn't something that *I* should do—but I don't *need* to do it. Convincing published evidence of the value of vitamin C against the common cold already exists. I quote nineteen papers in my book, and there are others that I might have quoted. (He enumerates the papers.)

Kent: Then why is there so much skepticism in the medical profession?

Pauling: I think that it had simply become a habit for the people in medical schools and in schools of nutrition to say that vitamin C has no value—and nobody was interested or open-minded enough to check up. This is what I did. I decided to read *all* the published papers on vitamin C, to examine the data, to repeat the calculations. It's something I'm accustomed to doing. I've had long years of experience in analyzing information in rather complicated fields.

Kent: Why do you think that man needs more vitamin C than he gets in his diet?

Pauling: Once the ability to manufacture vitamin C has been lost by a species of animals, as occurred in the precursor of man and other primates some twenty-five million years ago, that species depends for its existence on the availability of vitamin C in food. But the supply of vitamin C available generally in food is not sufficient to provide the optimum amount. The fact that most other species still manufacture their own vitamin C shows that.

Kent (firmly): Well then, how did you come to the conclusion, stated in your book, that "2.3 grams per day is less than the optimum rate of intake" of vitamin C?

Pauling (smiling, for the first and the last time): Last summer, when I was writing my book on vitamin C, I had come to the part in Chapter Five in which I mention Irwin Stone, the American biochemist, whose thesis has been that human beings need from 3 to 5 grams of vitamin C a day. Stone points out that the daily rate at which a rat, living under good conditions, manufactures his own vitamin C corresponds to an adult human being's ingesting between 2 and 4 grams of vitamin C a day. Stone also quotes G. H. Bourne, the English biochemist, who noted that the food—mainly greenstuff—eaten by a gorilla, who requires vitamin C in his food the way man does, gives him about 4.5 grams of vitamin C a day, which corresponds to some 2 grams a day for an adult human being.

This set me to thinking about the ancestors of man and the gorilla. They were probably living largely on greenstuff, too. And I said to myself, "I wonder how much vitamin C there is in raw, natural quantities that would have been available to many animals who, nevertheless, continued to manufacture their own vitamin C." And so I checked the amounts of various vitamins present in 110 raw, natural plant foods representing approximately those available to the ancestors of existing animal species.

When I calculated the amounts of vitamins corresponding to one day's food for an adult human being—the amount that provides 2500 kilocalories of energy—I found that for most vitamins this amount is about three times the daily allowance recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council. But for Vitamin C, it is about forty-two times the amount recommended—or 2.3 grams.

Kent: Why was it advantageous for the precursor of man to rid himself of the machinery for manufacturing vitamin C?

Pauling (disdainfully, to a layman): It's a drain on the bodily economy. It uses up food energy—both to make the machinery and to keep the machinery operating—that can be used for some other purpose.

Kent: You take issue with the Food and Nutrition Board's recommended daily dietary allowance of 60 milligrams for vitamin C. And you conjecture that the optimum amount lies between 250 milligrams and 10,000 milligrams a day. Yet, in your book, you seem to accept the Board's recommendations for the other nine vitamins. Why aren't you just as skeptical of them?

Pauling: Well, my book is about vitamin C—not about the other vitamins. But the recommended daily allowances for thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin correspond reasonably well to the amounts of these substances in raw, natural plant foods. And I would say that this is evidence that these recommended allowances are not very far off.

Kent: The Medical Letter has cautioned that "vitamin C in large doses can have adverse effects." It advised that "very large doses of vitamin C should be avoided in patients with a tendency to gout, to formation of urate stones, or to cystinuria" [a disorder characterized by the formation of kidney stones]. And it said that the ingestion of large amounts of vitamin C makes "the results obtained with 'dip' and Testape tests for sugar in the urine unreliable."

Pauling (with another gesture of disdain): Well, *I* can carry out a reliable test for sugar in the urine. *The Medical Letter*'s criticism ought to be directed at the clinical testers—not at me. And I found a paper by a Canadian physician that says you get a decreased amount of stone formation by increasing the ingestion of ascorbic acid. Besides, there's a candy-like vitamin C [he picks up a jar of the stuff] which is largely sodium ascorbate that doesn't have an acidifying effect. But I expect it's a complicated situation; and, in my book, I say that anyone with a chronic ailment or a serious disease should see his physician.

Kent: You have a chapter in your book called "Orthomolecular Medicine." What is orthomolecular medicine?

Pauling (reads from his book with pedantic insistence): "Orthomolecular medicine is the preservation of good health and the treatment of disease by varying the concentrations in the human body of substances that are normally present in the body and are required for health. . . . I believe that, in general, the treatment of disease by the use of substances, such as ascorbic

(Continued on page 178)



Curtain going up

The new summer clothes you can't wait to wear

By the clock, summer time starts April 25. By the calendar, it's not due until June 21. But then what about those nice warm days that jump the sun on summer? And all those great looks—like the scarlet-striped shirtdress for day, above, or the scarlet dream of an evening dress at right—smashing for any time of year, any place in the world. The way we see it, there are lots of summer things you'd love to put on the very moment you want to. So why wait? If it grabs you, grab it. Today. Tommorow. Now.

DAVID CRYSTAL's *one of the first to catch the new scarlet fever,* above, and it will be raging by the time word of this knit shirtdress gets around: scarlet-and-white stripes to the knee, scarlet alligator—a passepartout for tout le monde. And for toute de suite, at that. Of Dacron. Corum watch. Vera belt. Trimfit knee socks. Shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina. Dress, about $42. Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rike's; Manchester's; Dayton's; Battelstein's.

BILL BLASS *makes the scarlet point so beautifully he does it over and over again,* right, and Lauren Hutton wears it—airy georgette blown in handkerchief folds to an uneven flame-flicking hem. K.J.L. earrings. Danskin tights. David Evins shoes, at I. Miller. More colour you can hardly wait to wear—L'Oréal's makeup for lips and nails in a shade called Chan Tan, just waiting to be fanned by scarlet flames. Helene Curtis wig. Dress, in Kabat silk; about $260. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Swanson's. Coiffures, these twenty-six pages, by Ara Gallant.

Lauren Hutton

AVEDON



VICTOR JORIS ***is on to the terrific beauty power of scarlet,*** near right, and makes sure you have enough to light your skin, your side of the street, your whole way of life—shirred matte jersey with flowy sleeves and blowy skirt to wear with scarlet on your head, cheeks, legs, feet. By Victor Joris for V & J Design, in Jasco rayon jersey. Issey Miyake pendant. Dress, about $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Maison Blanche; Sakowitz.

ROBERT-DAVID MORTON ***cuts scarlet jersey on the bias,*** centre right, and there you are—all cling and swing in a long maillot-topped dress that could turn the light on any night in the world. Of Antron nylon and Lycra (Webco Mills). Necklace by R. F. Clark for William de Lillo. Dress, about $80. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Foley's; I. Magnin.

For Chester Now, **CHESTER WEINBERG** ***laces matte jersey openly,*** far right, like a little peasant top—just enough dress to cover bosom and knee and get a great new look pulled together for day. In Pomezia cotton. Carollee cuffs. Dress, about $80. Early May, at Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Battelstein's.

On both pages: Round-the-Clock tights; Cellini shoes, at Bonwit Teller; Mr. John skull caps; Flex-A-Curl chignons in Dynel by Carousel. And all the scarlet beauty power on cheeks and lips—Germaine Monteil's Red Glisten Super-Moist lipstick and matching Gel Rouge.

Curtain going up on scarlet





DONALD BROOKS ***knows printed jersey is the year-round summer dress so he's letting you have it now.*** left, in a nifty brown-and-black little pattern that covers Lauren and everything—with long sleeves, panelled slit skirt. In Abraham polyester jersey. Cuff by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Cristi. Dress, about $240. At Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Swanson's; Joseph Magnin.

OSCAR DE LA RENTA BOUTIQUE ***is open-minded about what you wear when,*** near right—you can simply pick up this little print shirtdress and go anytime you please, anywhere. In Qiana nylon (Couleur International fabric). Wig by Arvch. Dress, about $110. Bergdorf Goodman; Hengerer's; Jacobson's, Michigan; The Denver; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City.

OSCAR DE LA RENTA BOUTIQUE ***does a bare-shouldered dirndl,*** far right, just so your friends can see more of you these days. Come evening, come summer, bare a bit more—you can so easily with all that pretty smocking across the top. In Qiana nylon (Couleur International fabric). About $130. At Bergdorf Goodman; Bonino's; Hudson's; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson. On this page: Oscar de la Renta chokers; cool summery makeup from Dorothy Gray's Secret of the Sea collection for eyes and lips. Both pages: Hanes tights; Cellini sandals, at Bonwit Teller.

Curtain going up on little-print knits

Lauren Hutton

AVEDON





Curtain going up on scarlet prints

ABELE SIMPSON *sparks black and white with scarlet,* left, revving up one of summer's fastest little-print looks—breezy black-bordered skirt and scarf, black matte jersey top. Supima cotton voile (Onondaga fabric); Belle-Sharmeer tights. Julianelli sandals. Dress, about $185. At Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin.

BEN BERG's *scarlet-and-white organza dress throws the most ravishing light your way,* right—the fresh, shimmering whiteness, the shining sari motifs, all of it unbelievably flattering with golden sun-blushed skin. And there's Pink-a-Dilly lipstick to put the finishing touch on all the nice things Cyclax of London makeup does to flatter the skin. Geoffrey Beene earrings by Kramer. Charles Jourdan shoes. Ankle-length dress, about $355. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin.

AVEDON



Curtain going up on
the white muslin dress

How are we ever going to wait for June with summer dresses as irresistible as these from JAX?—

the most romantic look since Edwardian garden-party days. The white muslin shirtdress, left, all tucks and ruffles and eyelets and lace—and the deliciously fresh-laundered air of white on white. About $165.... The white muslin dress that Lauren wears at right, perfection in every detail—from banded throat to banded wrists and tiny ruched tucks down to the ground. About $210. White legron straw hat by I. J. Herman's. On these and the next two pages: all dresses in Swiss lawn; white point d'esprit stockings by Beautiful Bryans; white ribboned slippers by Capezio; hairpieces by Edith Imre.

AVEDON

Lauren Hutton

Curtain going up on the romantic white muslins

Lauren Hutton


JAX does it again and again—



For RONA, Mario Forte takes print easy in scarlet-and-white knit, left, so you can take it that way too, from the first warm day on; you'll just blow along shirtsleeved and patch-pocketed with fresh touches of white to mark the way. In Trevira, Calderon Knit. Dress, about $80. Altman's; Marshall Field; The Denver; Joseph Magnin.

The 499 Division of KLOSS • PRUZAN is cottoning up to big-game-brown and white knit print, above right, and it's your great new chance to shine: simply undo the buttons another notch or two as the sun gets warmer so everyone sees more shorts—and more you. In Avril rayon and cotton (Cohama fabric). About $62.

KLOSS • PRUZAN's 499 Division is at it again, this time a delectable little dirndl, far right, clean and shining and blue and white as tiny glazed tiles—a fresh clear day look you can see forever, any day this month, next, any time. In Avril rayon and cotton (Cohama fabric). About $44. Both dresses, end of the month at Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

Both pages: sandals by Moya Bowler for Jerry Edojard; wigs by Fashion Tress.



Curtain going up on little knit prints



TRIGÈRE's *made the niftiest dinner plans that make the most of your legs.*
left—lineny black shorts full of tiny tucks worn over a white cotton body shirt with embroidered lace stripes and romantic overflowing sleeves. Shorts, of rayon. Christian Dior sandals. Turnout, about $495. End of April, at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's.

ADOLFO *comes along with such a sure-fire hit for day.*
near right, we can see the line forming all the way from here: clean white wool jersey that barely covers the knee—and gives the whole town a glimpse of your long glorious legs. Richelieu necklace. Cellini sandals, at Borwit Teller. Adolfo wig for Abbott Tresses. Dress, $165; at Adolfo.

MOLLIE PARNIS *has guessed what every one of us craves,*
far right: a white crêpe dinner dress so smash and easy you never give it a thought—just toss it on like any other shirtdress and unbutton it clear up the leg. Cuff by R. F. Clark for William de Lillo. Juliarelli sandals. Dress, about $260. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montalbo's; Neiman-Marcus. Both pages: Beautiful Bryans tights.

AVEDON


Curtain
going up on
legs, legs, legs



Curtain going up on romantic black-and-white

BOUTIQUE DONALD BROOKS ***turns out the shirt and skirt for evening in embroidered white organza and black crêpe,*** left—so clean and pretty, with ruffled cuffs and bands of lace on the little bolero-like front. Shirt, of silk organza; skirt, of Avisco rayon-and-acetate crêpe (Onondaga fabric). Donald Brooks wig. Shoes by Christian Dior. Turnout, about $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Shillito's; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz.

GEOFFREY BEENE ***puts a white organdie shirt with billowy sleeves under a black cloqué jumper,*** right, and laces it up the front—a touch of the poet for soft summer evenings. Organdie shirt and cotton jumper (Abraham fabric). Earrings by K.J.L. Shoes by Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard. Turnout, about $315. Beradorf Goodman; Dayton's; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin. Both pages: stockings by Beautiful Bryans.

AVEDON

Curtain
going up on a
touch of stitching

Lauren Hutton



TRAINA BOUTIQUE ***stitches up cool leafy-green knit with lots of clean white thread,*** far left—and what an easy way to dress all summer in the city, the country, the corners of the world. Designed by Kay Unger and Jesper Nyeboe for Traina Boutique; in nylon (Barbet-Stretchnit fabric). About $75. At Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz; The Denver.

JAP ***turns a turn-of-the-century schoolgirl's dress into a delicious summer uniform for you,*** centre left—red and blue stitching on light-brown chambray, with puffed sleeves, long streamered sash. In cotton; about $54. At Bloomingdale's; Charles Gallay.

No wonder JAP is the new boutique sensation in Paris, near left: you've only to look at their two-piece knitted pink wool dress—or better still, slip into it as Lauren does and enjoy the stitching, the kimono sleeves, all the tiny details. Cuff by Carollee. Dress, about $65; at Bonwit Teller; Charles Gallay. Sandals, here and far left: Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard. Wigs, all by North American Hairgoods.

AVEDON

Curtain
going up on
white crêpe



TEAL TRAINA ***sends the white crêpe shirtdress to dinner.*** left, with tucks on the bodice, full sleeves held with tucks at the wrist, and a lot of full dress skirt zipped to slit. Of Avisco acetate-and-rayon (Orondaga fabric). Silver-and-copper necklace by Vincent Wilson for Kenneth Studio. Dress, about $185. At Bergdorf Goodman; Swanson's; Sakowitz, Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.

CHRISTIAN DIOR-NEW YORK: ***the white crêpe dress buttoned— or unbuttoned— up the front,*** right, with beautiful full-blown sleeves on drop shoulders and a swing of pleats slit over white-dotted legs and bare sandals. Of Avisco rayon-and-acetate (Orondaga fabric). Trifari earrings. Beautiful Bryans tights. Sandals by Julianelli. Dress, about $365. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Bon Marche.



Curtain going up on shorts for town

HALSTON ***puts a little black leather jacket over green jersey jumpshorts,*** this page —your everyday turnout with dark tights and knee-high boots. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Boots by Halston. Jumpshorts, of Jasco wool jersey, and leather jacket; each about $220. At Bloomingdale's; Giorgio, Beverly Hills.

ANNE KLEIN ***does a matching khaki blazer for her fly-front shorts,*** right, and finishes them off with great big patch pockets —your new suit for summer with a bone-coloured knit pullover. High socks by Bewitching. David Evins shoes. Blazer about $95, shorts about $40; both of Galey & Lord cotton. Nylon pullover, about $20. Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; The Denver. On both pages: choker by Hector Jorge; watches by Gucci.

AVEDON







Curtain going up on great legs

AVEDON

MOLLIE PARNIS ***does a black tussah dress you unbutton over matching shorts,*** far left—a marvellous look for day with black tights and black-and-beige Oxfords, and on into evening with your dotted stockings and bare shiny sandals. Turnout of silk tussah, with black patent belt. Roman Stripe tights. Shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina. Richelieu choker. Dress and shorts, about $295. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny.

GIVENCHY NOUVELLE BOUTIQUE ***has the blue denim dress everyone wants every day this summer,*** this page: slip in, button up, button down . . . stop where you want. Of navy denim printed with the palest brick-coloured Paisley motifs. Hector Jorge choker. Sandals by Cellini, at Bonwit Teller. Dress, about $210. At Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne; Higbee's; Bullock's Wilshire. Both pages: Schiaparelli wigs.

those Churchills another man's family

John said that Sarah said that Queen Anne said that Charles II said...(listen in next week)

By Molly Haskell

Proportions may vary, but the ingredients for the television serial remain constant, whether the subject is the Churchills or *One Man's Family*. The difference between a culturally ambitious project like *The Forsyte Saga* and a routine soap opera is one of degree—superior acting and dialogue—rather than kind. Television, down to the technical constriction of the taping process, has a way of domesticating history and muffling echoes until the highest aspirations are reduced to that lowest common denominator, the Nielsen rating.

With such classics as *The Forsyte Saga,* the medium has stretched itself; but often it seems that God and Galsworthy's work have been shrunk to accommodate rigidly mediocre demands.

Masterpiece Theatre's *The First Churchills,* a twelve-part chronicle of the life and times of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough and the seventeenth-century ancestor of Sir Winston, was produced and written by Donald Wilson, using material from Winston Churchill's four-volume account, with collected letters, of the illustrious general. The Public Broadcasting offering originated in England where it was undoubtedly conceived in response to the fantastic success of *The Forsyte Saga.* There is even a common star—Susan Hampshire. The bright, pretty period actress who was Fleur in the Galsworthy adaptation plays Sarah Churchill, John's shrewd and beautiful wife. Theirs was, by all accounts, one of the great enduring loves of history and a relationship of mutual interests. This in conjunction with the turbulent events leading from the restoration of Charles II through the reign of Anne (Sarah's closest friend and sovereign) would seem to offer not only a fascinating slice of history but an ideal vantage point from which to view it.

But the relationship between John and Sarah is rarely seen for its own sake, nor is it used to enrich the spectacle, but rather as a mechanism for advancing, exposing, or relating different narrative threads. Each episode is like a film shortened for television, from which everything has been cut but plot, i.e., ideas, emotions, the private moments and conflicting motives that are the soul if not the profile of history. In such a condensed format, there is little room or time for ambiguity. Characters must be introduced and identified as swiftly and economically as possible. A sort of key is set up to establish sympathy, villainy, importance. If a character is witty, he is probably a good guy; if we are treated to an intimate conversation between a couple (Princess Mary and William of Orange), chances are they will figure crucially in subsequent events.

In the pruning process, ideas are the first to go—the violence of the Catholic-Protestant controversy is conveyed mostly through extra-dramatic narration. Battle scenes are crimped and the "vox populi" is rarely heard. We are witnessing, of course, an exclusively monarchist, Tory view of history. It is interesting to consider how both this and *The Forsyte Saga* reflect not only a literary conservatism—a nostalgia for the old nineteenth-century character novels—but political and social conservatism as well. As the genius of the Forsytes was financial, and fed on exploitation, the genius of Marlborough is military and feeds on war. And the pictures of both Victorian and Restoration society take on the ceremonial and non-sensual complexion of their biographers, Galsworthy and Churchill.

And yet, despite the obvious limitations of *The First Churchills,* I must confess to a minor addiction to the thing. (Maybe cigarette packages should carry the warning that television serials are habit-forming and could be dangerous to your health.) After watching several programs, one has invested so much intellectual energy in sorting out the characters and issues that one is hooked in, like it or not, to the consequences. And I must admit also to a weakness for John Neville, who was the matinee idol of the Old Vic one year that I lived in London, and who gives Marlborough a grace that raises him above the rest of the cast. ▼

JACK ROBINSON

THE UNSETTLING REIGN OF *Glenda Jackson*

A magnificent woman in love becomes an unbent Mme. Tchaikovsky becomes an unlaced Queen Bess—all Glenda Jackson

Glenda Jackson, *left*, the British actress who plays unadmirable women to admiration, with a steamy swamp of a voice and a deep, rapidly accelerating laugh, is a surprising woman off-stage and off-camera. Gentle, serious, charmed by her baby, garden, and husband, Glenda Jackson is hardly the hag-toothed hysteric she has been cast. "I guess I'm not much of an actress in the old sense," she said. "It's the people that I work with that matter. The team thing. That turns me on. The director really more than the story." A blazing stage success here and in England in Peter Brook's *Marat/Sade*, Glenda Jackson spent six years in repertory in Dundee, Scotland, "playing all the parts." As Gudrun in Ken Russell's film of *Women in Love*, for which she won an Academy Award nomination and the New York Film Critics Award for best actress, she captured an amazing moment, mirroring the terrors of becoming a liberated woman. Next, in John Schlesinger's film *Bloody Sunday*, she plays a divorcee who shares her young lover with an older man. Glenda Jackson, her head, under her bangs, shaved back for a six-part television rôle as Queen Elizabeth I, said, "I'm lazy. I'd rather read than worry about myself. What a comfort."



The Andromeda Strain

GERM, VIRUS, CRYSTAL, GLOP, OR FILM—WHATEVER IT IS, IT EATS UP THE SILVER SCREEN

By Ann Birstein

How lovely science fiction is compared to real life. I'm not kidding or being campy. I mean, when you think of those two computers in *The Forbin Project* starting off their first meeting with a few shy quiet murmurs of the multiplication tables back and forth and then fusing into one and taking over the whole world, you have there a relationship that can't be beat. And now there's the Andromeda Strain, a germ? organism? microscopic something that unlike the common cold virus, for example, though lethal, doesn't ooze, wheeze, or secrete any of the usual junk but merely reproduces itself in pure crystalline form. "I always thought," says the lady doc (Kate Reid in the movie) who's in on the project to isolate it, "that life originated in crystalline form."

Now to anybody who has read Michael Crichton's best seller, *The Andromeda Strain*, this probably isn't news; but to me, who, being kind of pure and crystalline myself, never did get around to the book, it all came as a marvellous surprise, including the facts that this strain is unleashed by *us* and not by the man in the moon, as it were, and that the scientist-hero Arthur Hill, who, let's face it, has had better opportunities in other movies to be noble, seems to have been wise to this damaging political fact all along. True, it's touched on that he's married to a senator's daughter, but in what other art form would this be so plainly sufficient to explain a man's tragic flaw? Anyhow, there is this thing that suddenly causes the death of a township—of only forty-eight people, though, so even that isn't too bad—all of them cut down *in medias res*, eating, having their hair cut, et cetera, though evidently not in the *res* one might immediately think of. And there are all these top-flight scientists rushed in to solve the mystery—one, a surgeon, even yanked off the job just when he's about to plunge a scalpel into somebody's belly. Furthermore, since it all takes place in the happy never-never land of Nevada, there's never really anything to worry about, since as we all know nothing serious or worrisome ever happens in places like Utah or Nevada, except maybe the death of a few thousand sheep. There are even the *de rigueur* nude scenes, except that this time they're all scientists being decontaminated for the sake of science, and that lovely one-of-everybody with which the movies like to pay tribute to minorities: a Mexican baby who has survived the holocaust, that lady doctor, a Black nurse who is *brave*. The costumes are terrific, too, all kinds of accordion-pleated, self-contained plastic outfits in which you can examine patients without catching anything, and such gadgets as "hands," long-distance devices with which you can touch things without ever touching them. No wonder nobody looks uptight.

There *are* a few things to worry about. For example, as ooze goes, I don't think Andromeda can compare with Green Slime [from the movie of the same name], which did come from the moon and had a terrific amount of lunar charisma. Also, at one point, for experimental purposes, a white rat and a little rhesus monkey are exposed to the Andromeda Strain and stiffen and die. Now, have they really been killed—a case for the antivivisectionists—or are they both skilled actors? But this is a minor quibble. For the rest, life with Andromeda has some extraordinarily sweet advantages over life on the rest of this planet, including, at one high point of suspense, a computer-lady's dulcet voice saying: "There are now five minutes to self-destruct." Now what couldn't we all do with a guaranteed piece of time like that? ▼



Skinny Texy Sexan KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

Kris Kristofferson, thirty-four,
with his dead-blue eyes and a silver guitar
around his neck, is suddenly on top of the heap.
How he got there sounds like one of his songs:
a sad song with an upbeat ending about a
'copter pilot with a busted marriage who flies
to offshore rigs a little ahead of a pack
of creditors, tends bar, and sweeps floors,
always writing songs. . . . Behind his
feet-apart stance, Kristofferson
keeps a little smoke going—a drawl to grab
the women and a wide grin to snag the biz.
Now, with two movies—*Dealer*, in which he stars
with Karen Black, and *The Last Movie*,
for which he wrote some first-rate songs
and plays an amiable loping bit—he can let
the tumbling, tumbleweed charm take hold.

JACK ROBINSON

VOGUE, April 1, 1971

LÉGER

TAKING THE EDGE OFF THE CUBE

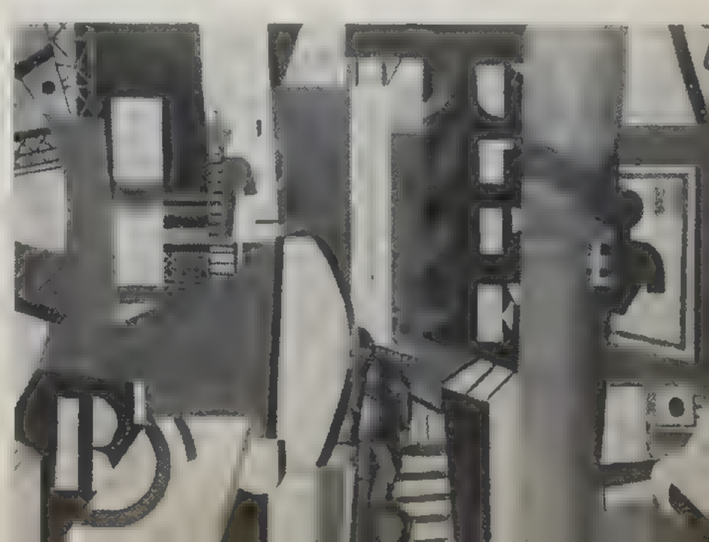
By Barbara Rose

"I am a firm believer," wrote Fernand Léger in 1922, "in a slow and continual inroad brought about by the *manufactured object* which holds the secret of any renaissance we may have." Exalting the abstract beauty of modern machines with their geometric cogs and wheels over the naturalism of the Renaissance, Léger became the greatest master of the machine style that swept Europe—and America, too—during the 'twenties. Léger now seems a prophetic figure, the grandfather of Pop Art, who followed his hero Courbet in finding an antidote to academic painting in images drawn from popular sources, in Léger's case posters and movies. Prophetic, too, was his involvement with social and political issues. Hard as it is to believe that any artist could make great art, high art, out of social realism, this is what Léger's ability to transform the banal into images of powerful visual impact permitted him to do. Indeed, Léger is perhaps the single twentieth-century artist who dreamed of the revolution capable of reconciling his Utopian social ideals with an ideal aesthetic program, without compromising either.

One has the sense he was able to do this because, in contrast with such hypersensitive aristocrats as Duchamp, he was simple and direct in his approach to experience. And this simplicity of mind in turn allowed him to cut through the theoretical superstructure, with which he had no patience, that weighed so heavily on many of his contemporaries. Léger saw the machine not as a threat but as potential liberation, according to John Golding, who organized the recent Tate Gallery exhibition "Léger and Purist Paris" in London. Limited to Léger's works between 1918 and 1928, the exhibition, a model of seriousness and scholarship, included as well a sufficient number of works by others to illustrate the historical context in which Léger worked. This was important in assessing the value of an artist as eclectic as Léger. For Léger emerges as a unique phenomenon: a major modernist who innovated nothing, whose achievement rests on his ability to synthesize the inventions of others, including the Cubists, Futurists, Constructivists, and even, toward the end of his career, the Surrealists. Assimilating anything useful that came his way, he found in Purism, the geometric version of synthetic Cubism propagandized by Ozenfant and Jeanneret (later to achieve fame as the architect Le Corbusier), the key to a merger of abstraction and representation.

In Léger's hands, the Purists' mistaken assumption that man is as rational as a machine and that art is governed by rational objective laws became a means to create representational art so cold and impersonal as to appear at times purer and more detached than geometric abstraction itself. Unwilling to become an abstract artist, probably because he knew abstraction would always be a mystery or a joke to the masses with whom he wished to communicate, Léger remained committed throughout his life to the "epic" Cubist themes of the human figure and the urban landscape, which he visualized in the tubular volumes and rotating meshing gears of the machine.

Léger's great subjects were the rhythm, frenetic dynamism, and jarring fragmented images of the city. He aspired to a synthesis of the arts, producing architectural decoration, mosaics, tapestry, and other examples of decorative arts (now on view at the Fernand Léger Museum in Biot, France) as well as painting. For Léger, painting was a synthesis in which composition was translated into the architecture of picture making, and forms were created through a tour de force alternation of sculptural modelling with flat areas of bright colour binding them to the picture plane. Today Léger resembles Kipling's strong man who kept his head while all about were losing theirs. Undoubtedly his thick skin helped, as did his optimism and courage. He turned his whole experience—including war, poverty, and hard manual labour—into a progressive vision of a world united in community and enlivened by art. Many of his contemporaries fell prey to pessimism, despondency, and bourgeois values, retreating to the security of tradition; but Léger plodded on, secure enough in his conviction and self-knowledge not to stumble on the ruins of an old world in decay. ▼



LÉGER'S "THE CITY," 1919, from the A. E. Gallatin Collection, Philadelphia Museum of Art



THE YOUNG GIRL FROM *RAMPARTS OF CLAY*, HER FACE BLOOD-SPATTERED BY OLDER WOMEN OF HER VILLAGE, IS AT THE CENTRE OF JEAN-LOUIS BERTUCELLI'S SEMI-DOCUMENTARY FILM ABOUT ALGERIA

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

starting from scratch: RAMPARTS OF CLAY FACES UP THE THIRD WORLD

By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Having long been turned off by quasi-documentary films about primitive peoples, I went to see *Ramparts of Clay* with foreboding. It has always seemed that the invasion of a tradition-bound culture by sophisticated movie people wielding sophisticated equipment must lead to falsification; the very presence of so elaborate an intrusion can not but make the locals behave differently. Only the supreme artists, Robert Flaherty or F. W. Murnau, have escaped the risk of manipulation and the flavour of condescension. The visit to our brothers in the hills becomes a contemporary version of a pastoral, comforting the urban audience with its illusion of understanding and relationship.

Nor was I reassured by the epigraph from Frantz Fanon, the approved voice of the Third World: "The bourgeois phase in the history of underdeveloped countries is a completely useless phase. When this caste has vanished . . . it will be seen . . . that everything must be started again from scratch." This proposition is, at best, exceedingly doubtful. Even Marx believed that underdeveloped countries had to go through the bourgeois phase to qualify for Communism. Engels called the French conquest of Algeria "an important and fortunate fact for the progress of civilization." The Fanon touch seemed to portend a counter-pastoral designed to gratify the anti-bourgeois proclivities of a bourgeois audience.

But I was wrong. The film opens with a girl straining at a well rope. Behind stretches a bleak village in a sullen brown landscape. The sound track catches the creaking of the rope, the cackle of chickens, the noises of the village. Suddenly one realizes that there will be no musical background at all—and is inordinately grateful. The cadence of the film seems to embody the cadence of the village life. But one is not bored; the austerity of the conception is oddly compelling.

In time the traces of a plot emerge. The men of the village go on strike when their wages as stonecutters are reduced. The militia arrive and sequester them for three days; then go away. A village girl, the girl at the well in the opening, is disturbed by the premonitions of a larger world outside. In a remarkable sequence, terrifying in its violation of personality, the older women, perceiving her restlessness, surround her and spatter blood on her face. In the end, she flees into the wasteland, heading—who knows?—to the city or to death.

The young director Jean-Louis Bertucelli has achieved a sense of total visual and aural authenticity. He understands, as he has written, that *cinéma vérité* is a myth, "for, from the moment the camera focuses on an event, it ceases to be objective. . . . Truth lies in the dramatic approach, not in the technique." His characters and images are not recorded from the outside, as in a travelogue; they have instead a rigorous fidelity to the inner truth of the village life. His passionate and economical artistry produces a work of singular strength and beauty.

The film's history has points of interest. The Tunisian government insisted on controlling the script and direction; so Bertucelli shot the film in Algeria. The film, however, has been shown in neither Tunisia nor Algeria. It is almost as if these countries were concerned to prove Fanon right. But Algeria, at least, claims to have passed beyond the bourgeois phase; and Fanon, had he lived, might have come to understand that the enemy often may be less economic than political authority. A better epigraph would have come from Yeats: "Hurrah for revolution and cannon come again!/The beggars have changed places, but the lash goes on." ▼

GIVING LATIN THE BODY ENGLISH

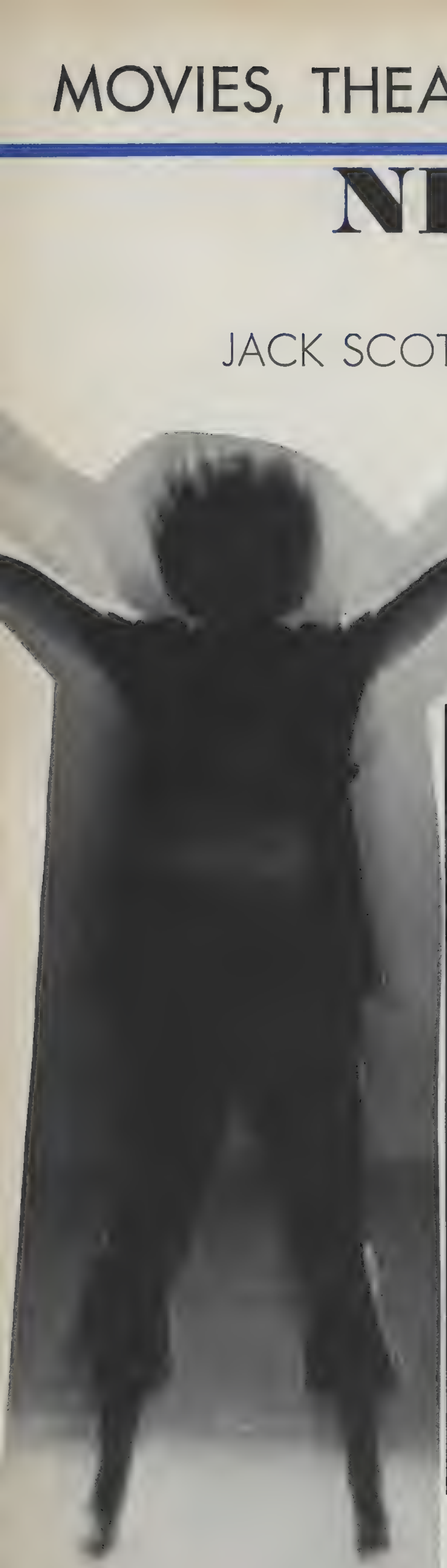
A NEW THEATRICAL SPURT FOR OVID'S "THE METAMORPHOSES"

The Story Theatre, with its twist of startling words alive with pantomime, is a Broadway amazement—acting for the fun of it. After an opening run in Los Angeles, Ovid's* The Metamorphoses *in New York this month joins in repertory the Story Theatre's adaption of the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm. Paul Sills, the director, has given his actors a flashy quiver of tricks, sheer movement to show Ovid's sense that the world is never what it seems to be. The fierce, but elegant humour of Ovid's first-century Roman myths is there, but it has been lightened by wonder, jacked up with mimic zaniness.* Right: *John Rubinstein as Phaethon is struck by lightning, punishment for stealing Jove's chariot, an ancient gone modern.

NEW SCRATCH ON *athletics*

JACK SCOTT DRAWS BLOOD FROM SPORTSMANSHIP

By Pete Axthelm



In California, a track team wins a national championship and credits the coach for allowing the athletes to choose their own dress and hair styles and to retain their "humanity." In Detroit, a college basketball team, fed up with the coach's extreme disciplinary method, simply does not show up for practice. In Florida, some sixty athletes announce the formation of the first union in college sports. And in front of television sets across the country, fans watch long hair creeping down below the helmet-lines of star players at even the biggest Middle-American football factories. Something strange and significant is happening in sports; athletes, long considered the very symbol of the disciplined, unquestioning silent majority, are growing restive. The President of the United States may persist in placing well-publicized phone calls to locker rooms of victorious teams; but to the shock and anger of coaches and administrators, many young athletes would just as soon hear from someone like Jack Scott.

Scott can hardly be called the sole leader of the fragmented drive for individualism and "jock liberation" in sports. But the twenty-nine-year-old ex-athlete and educator is certainly the movement's best-known philosopher. His books and lectures have called for serious re-evaluations of the basic nature of athletics as well as the relationship between athletes and coaches; and his Institute for the Study of Sport and Society, based in Oakland, California, is devoted to that process of re-evaluation.

Most college coaches—whose politics tend to be just to the right of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—have either totally ignored Scott or vilified him as a one-man conspiracy. When he taught a course in "Athletics and Education" last year at the University of California at Berkeley, hundreds of students enrolled; but important Bay Area coaches stubbornly rejected invitations to address the class. Then, when the University of Washington hired Scott to teach a similar course, the coaching staff forced the university to withdraw the appointment. In the eyes of most coaches, Scott is "just another of those campus revolutionaries, out to destroy sports and all the old values."

"Athletics can be beautiful," said Scott. "I'm not against them, but I'm against the way they have been warped in our society. I don't want to destroy old values, I want to go back to them." Indeed, Scott's view of sport is basically old-fashioned. He sees it as a worthwhile challenge to the mind and body, bringing self-discovery and self-fulfillment. And he insists that "modern" trends toward authoritarian coaches, million-dollar college sports budgets, and emphasis on victory at all costs only detract from the real meaning of athletics.

Dave Meggyesy, the former St. Louis Cardinal football linebacker, enlisted Scott's aid in writing his provocative book, *Out of Their League*, in which he exposed under-the-table payoffs to college athletes, widespread drug abuse, and institutionalized racism. Decathlon-star Sam Goldberg, who said he was kicked off the University of Kansas track team because he planned to demonstrate against the Cambodian invasion at the 1969 national championship meet, is another outspoken Scott disciple. But Scott's influence has extended far beyond his inner circle of athletic friends. His own book, *Athletics for Athletes*, has become a handbook for athletes interested in what he calls "preserving their humanity in the face of the system's brutality"; he has written another book, *The Athletic Revolution*, to be published by The Free Press, and hopes to reach a wider audience with his basically sound ideas.

Like all radical movements, Jock Liberation has suffered from its own shrillness. Goldberg, self-styled Yippie Minister of Sport, brought no credit to intelligent and concerned athletes when he shouted, "Athletes are melting down their trophies into bullets for the revolution. . . . Any athlete must be prepared to kill his coach." But Scott's own low-key reasoning is as far from Goldberg's ranting as it is from the conservative attacks of the noted Establishment spokesman Walter Byers, executive director of The National Collegiate Athletic Association.

Somewhere in the middle ground between Byers and Goldberg, there may just be enough thinking athletes and enlightened coaches to bring about some needed reforms. And it seems safe to predict that some of the reforms will follow lines originally drawn up by Scott. "If athletics are ever destroyed," said Scott, "people are going to ask who did it. I think the answer will be, simply, people who never learned to adjust to the changes in our times." ▼

EVA RUBINSTEIN

¡Hurra! for the new looks from Spain



Wonderful, feminine, easy-to-wear fashion from the Spanish couture and boutiques—the supplest, softest suèdes and leathers in the world . . . and shorts, jackets, dresses all tailored to perfection. . . . ***MITZOU'S*** dashing suède shorts suit, right, in softest black; black passementerie borders and frog closings on the jacket. Underneath, an ivory satin shirt with a tucked jabot like a man's dinner shirt. Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin. ***PEDRO RODRIGUEZ*** fringes up for evening, far right—brown silk slithering, swaying, swishing from the sleeves and hem of a silk jersey print in rust, brown, black, white. Fabric by Royera. Coiffures, these four pages, by Jean-Louis David.

JP ZACHARIASEN









¡Hurra! for the Spanish navy

1. CARMEN MIR checks out the shorts suit—navy-and-white wool double-faced in navy, with a perfect little tailor's jacket, slit and belted at the back. Fabric by Bosch. ***2. ELIO BERHANYER'S*** navy slashes—a slit down the tunic top, slits on the short sleeves, and a long slit to the skirt. Underneath, matching side-slit shorts to walk away when the skirt's off. All, heavy navy cotton saddle-stitched in white; white patent belt. Oleart fabric. ***3. PERTEGAZ BOUTIQUE*** has a good-time striped suit—navy-and-white skirt pleated from the hip and a sharp little jacket in stripes and denim-y linen with lots of buttons, pockets; white patent belt, mother-of-pearl buckle. Cadena fabric. ***4. AT PERTEGAZ*** there's a wonderful zip to navy corduroy—nifty sleeveless jumper-coat with black leather pockets and belt, slit to show black leather shorts and high navy socks. Plus a long-sleeved blue-and-white T-shirt and beret. Turnouts, both pages: I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City.

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PARIS: BOUTIQUE JAP

It's one of the hot new places in Paris to shop.... Watch how some of their shirts give width to the shoulder line—or the way tank tops are cut sexy-bare.... 1. Crêpe de Chine printed in pink flowers, clouds of scarlet. $65. 2. Navy-and-white cord shirt. $65. 3. Big-sleeved smock-shirt patched together of apple-green cotton, two different prints. $70. All, Bonwit Teller, N.Y....



1



2



3

PARIS: CHLÖE


1


2


3


4

JOHN COWAN

Keep your eye on what Karl Lagerfeld designs for Chlöe—often it becomes world-wide fashion shortly thereafter.... 1. Karl's new shirt-coat with slightly padded shoulders, deep dolman sleeves. Shorts to match. And a crêpe de Chine printed shirt.... 2. Deep sleeves again, in jade-green chiffon crêpe shirt, $165. 3. Little bloomers of black satin with a matte jersey top printed in rainbow colours. $210. 4. Body suit of black silk jersey scooped sexily low, back and front. Tied over it, one of Karl Lagerfeld's brilliant print fringed scarfs. Sensational. $205. All, Chlöe's at Henri Bendel in New York....

More on next page

PARIS: SAINT LAURENT RIVE GAUCHE



1



2

It was a lovely spring morning in Paris . . . and, 1, Yves and some friends gathered to watch Pierre Bergé (2) photograph . . . 3. Black silk crêpe printed with happy red hearts. 4. Soft shirtdress in ivory silk printed with stripes of happy green and red bunny rabbits. $190. Both at Saint Laurent's Rive Gauche, New York; Bonwit Teller, Boston, Phila., Chicago; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Sakowitz, Houston; Rive Gauche, Beverly Hills....



4

PIERRE BERGÉ



PARIS: DOROTHÉE BIS

Here are the people who do everything at this great boutique: 1, Eli Jacobson, 2, Mrs. Jacqueline Jacobson. Three of their super spring street-sportswear looks—3, chamois shorts and shirtcoat. 4. Neat shorts suit of black wool flannel. 5. Black rib-knit shorts suit, neatly zipped up. All, Dorothée Bis, 35 rue de Sevres, Paris. . . .

JOHN COWAN

A LOOK AT SEX

(Continued from page 121)

ed form each other's taste—which by now, in their forties, is very high on the Parke-Bernet department. And doesn't do badly on stocks. . . .

But two years ago, back on this same rooftop, under almost the same sky, I don't think any of this, I only know, suddenly, my happiness and luck. I'm never dizzy up here, anymore than an antelope would be on Chamonix, but that day I feel dangerously able to fly. Or if I reach out and catch a bird and throw it, all of which seems perfectly possible in the rose-yellow silence falling now on our four faces, it would come back to my hand to nestle there vocalizing, a cuckoo boomerang. The house itself, dimming and rising in the dusk, ready to soar off into the Hudson sunset with all its butter-tub flowers like a bouquet for Jersey, is still solid under my feet —I know it's only my vision, my vertigo, that's performing here. It wasn't the man at my side—though I'll always remember him nicely. Or the twilight hush into which he tells us he's going abroad, and where—even that word stretches the beautiful horizons far.

. . . It's what is called a concatenation of events. Or, in my old Latin book, *natura naturans*, nature naturing. It was all of a parcel. That is, I am. The storm has passed over and I feel its salt like a whistle in my trembling teeth, and in my shaken ear a magical chord, "—Switz-erland." . . .

How can one all but faint away in the blessedness of all things come together in colours, in aunts, uncles, landscape, and weather—and not have people pay the least attention to you?

When I come to, Aurine is giving him her hand, much more friendly, telling him her ancestors came from there, and he is kissing it. And Oscar doesn't look at me much. Or, since I've grown breasts, tries not to. So there I am, hot and cold on my own two feet, with not a prayer of what has happened to me. . . .

It's nothing really—as a British client of Oscar's once said on television, after the emcee asked him to describe how it felt to land the gondola of his trans-atlantic balloon when it began

(Continued on page 172)

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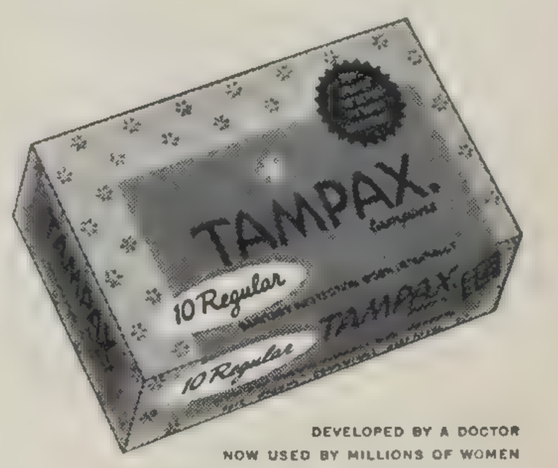
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A LOOK AT SEX

(Continued from page 171)

"Why is the love you're sure of so much more troubling than the kind you're waiting for?"

losing gas fourteen thousand feet up over the sea below. He was never asked on television again. But I hope to have my experience over and over, maybe in other company. For it was nothing really, except the beginning of everything. It was just that I'd never had an orgasm before. . . .

So then of course, I feel so grateful and open—the famous female feeling—and have to put my gratitude somewhere, and by instinct, or more likely training having its effect at last, turn to thank the nearest man for it—not beyond noting either that he wears a Piaget watch—and say to him what everybody does remember: "Oh—the best view's from my bedroom on the other side. Would you like to go upstairs and see it from there?"

"Alexandra Dauphine!"

But the mole at the corner of my aunt's lip—a beauty mark no one disputes—is lifting. Also, maybe she too has seen that the portfolio under our guest's arm is that costly, turd-coloured calf which comes only from Hermès. But Oscar too is beaming, and he never knows things like that. I'm their darling, that's all—oh, happy noose! Why is the love you're sure of so much more troubling than the kind you're waiting for?

The stranger is giving me the once-over, my first. Or the first I know about, from a man like that. Under that eye (all I can see now is that it was hazel) the skin on my left ribcage twitches —a little muscle I'll come to know well in the next four years. And the belly around my navel is blushing, reaching; like a kid, I look down to see. Finding only the brass buckle on my hip huggers, which I've cut off at the thighs, to show body jewellery pasted all over them. A juvenile mistake; good legs never make me feel amorous even when they're my own, and a girl should push only the parts of her body that do. Half the pushing is for yourself, isn't it?

This man doesn't look at my legs. Not to begin with. The truth of one of Aurine's countless adages hits me. "The best ones never do begin there."

. . . Dear Aunt, they all come true, your adages, your men. I've been watching. Why else must I leave you? I can scarcely bear to have you open your mouth these days; my future's in it.

That's why I wish I could lift my own eyes—in the violet glance you say any dark ones can acquire—and scrutinize that stranger again, giving him the eye from top to toe. In a way I can, turning out his pockets, zipping open that *objet* from Hermès, warming his watch in my palm, and breathing softly over the grey behind his ear—going all over him, like the expensive little kitten, scratchless for him, that I am being trained up to be.

But I can't see him himself, and I'll never know his face or name. I don't need to. I'll know him, whenever I meet him, by all the other stuff I did see—and to hell with the brand of watch. He's not an important memory; he's a fact. He's around, all right.

He's the man Aurine and Oscar will be bringing me. Innocent dears, maybe they don't even know they were doing it that day.

He's the man who the world that bores you tries to bring you, no matter who you are.

What kind of household you start in doesn't matter; though Aurine and Oscar's way of life mightn't go down at St. Bartholomew's, a man like him is brought in there every other wedding day. He looks different in church, younger maybe. But settled, wherever he is, rich or poor. Our druggist's daughter married him yesterday—the druggist means his best for her. And she'll get it of course, like me. Though I'd have a hard time explaining the similarity. Which way is more sinful let the druggist's wife and Aurine decide.

For of course the man I'm intended for isn't expected to last for life. He'll come by the half-dozen, maybe, all bearing a resemblance. I won't be asked to marry him. I'll be expected not to. But in every other respect, he's the same as in any village. He's the man the parents bring you, whoever you are. Or your aunt and uncle do, if you're me. He's the one who's enough like them.

So how can I tell them that even in memory, or present dreams, I never go to bed with him? . . . ▼

AUDREY'S WORLD

(Continued from page 101)

or blown up into a million pieces, then I would not fear it."

In her next film, Audrey plays a young woman, which, she said "is going to take some doing." Actually, she looks years younger than her true age. Nor is there any secret to her perennial youth.

"I'm just lucky, healthy and lucky. It's the way I was born, my physical makeup, my bones or whatever. Let's say that I don't do anything in particular to live healthily, but I try not to live unhealthily. I know when I need sleep and try to get it. If I feel like eating pasta I do, and I am a great pasta eater. But I don't do *only* that. Some people go through life eating any old thing and then suddenly are exhausted and wonder why they are losing their figures.

"I lived through the war with very bad nutrition and found how tough it is to live without enough meat or vitamins or milk. Also years of ballet training made me aware of the need for proper rest. Exhaustion defeats dancers."

Audrey sometimes feels she is twelve years old, other times thirty-eight. It doesn't matter. Few people feel their actual age, anyway. "I wouldn't be able to tell you who I am because it has never bothered me. I never asked who I am. I don't care. But perhaps I now understand more about life, about what I really care about and have learned a law of elimination."

Yet even now, she can not explain her acts, except on the basis of instinct. "I haven't the education, nor has my brain been developed to give me logical answers. But I've learned to develop other senses, as do people who are blind. I've learned to listen to my instincts and they've rarely let me down. For example, I accept scripts instinctively. Something inside me either feels or doesn't feel. And I'm like that with everything, with people, with paintings, with books."

At the same time, she thinks she tends to oversimplify things. Yet perhaps this is necessary in our age.

"Today there are so many people, so many things, so many emotions, and the more there is, the less I want. The more man flies to the moon, the more I want to sit and look at a tree. The more I live in a city, the more I search for a blade of grass."

LORDING IT

(Continued from page 129)

On Somerset Maugham: "A man who cares for his Variety can't be all bad. . . . It was the 'forties when we fell in love."

down Forty-second Street to the ferry. You call *that* a dilettante?"

Across the lawn each morning strolled Saratoga's Charlie Brackett, summering in the next villa. He went to the parties, too, but said he liked hearing us tell about them better.

A *petit bleu* from Woollcott, and Ellen and Phil Barry *petit-bleu*-ed from Cannes, "Dine with us." After dinner instead of a nightcap, we went in, starkers, off the Barrys' own gravelly *plage*. Drying off, Phil promised me the script of his new play *Holiday* to take back to Ganelon, but before I had time to read it, it was time to go to lunch with Sara and Gerald Murphy, the Dick Divers in *Tender Is the Night*, and best friends of Scott and Zelda.

Hostesses Kaufman and Miller were not too much missed and, one afternoon whizzing along the middle Corniche toward Cap Ferrat, I was pleased they weren't there. What was wrong with being the only girl with two fellows going to meet Somerset Maugham?

I'd worshipped him for a long time and as early as 1916 knew how to pronounce his name. On a two-week guest card to a snippy club called the Gamut, I listened to talk about new painters, new composers, new authors; and, over bouillon and saltines, Miss Helen Ingersoll spoke about a new author whose name was spelled M.A.U.G.H.A.M., which he was said to pronounce Morm. It brought a cultured laugh and someone hazarded, "Perhaps he pronounces S.O.M.E.R.S.E.T. Smet."

My guest card ran out and I thought no more about Maugham-pronounced-Morm until *Of Human Bondage* rocked the cultured and uncultured and lashed me to Morm's mast. Now I was bowling through the gates of Villa Mauresque.

"This is Ruth Gordon," said Woollcott. "This is Harpo Marx." Mr. Maugham shook hands with us and didn't give a damn whether he met us or not.

Feeling rejected, Harpo and I took a terrible dislike to him. Harpo picked up *Variety* from the terrace reading table and, while the rest of us drank tea or Dr. Pepper, Harpo read *Variety*, page one to the end. Minnie Marx hadn't brought him up very well, because when he reached the back page, he tossed Maugham's *Variety* on the terrace floor.

Maugham got to his feet, picked it up and said, "I'll just put this away." I thought that a man who cares for his *Variety* can't be all bad.

That was the 'twenties. The 'thirties weren't any better. Alice Astor von Hofmannsthal gave a grand party in London and sometime during the evening Mr. Maugham came across the ballroom heading for me. "Miss Gordon," he said, "my play *The Constant Wife* is being revived in Brighton. Your friend Miss Ruth Chatterton is starring in it. Will you meet me in Brighton tomorrow night and see if you can do something about her performance?"

I didn't like him any more than I did before, but if Somerset Maugham invited you to meet him in Brighton, what would *you* do?

After the performance Mr. Maugham said, "Well?"

"Well," I said, "I think Ruth Chatterton is fine. But I think your play has gotten old-fashioned and you should do something about *it*." This brought us no closer together.

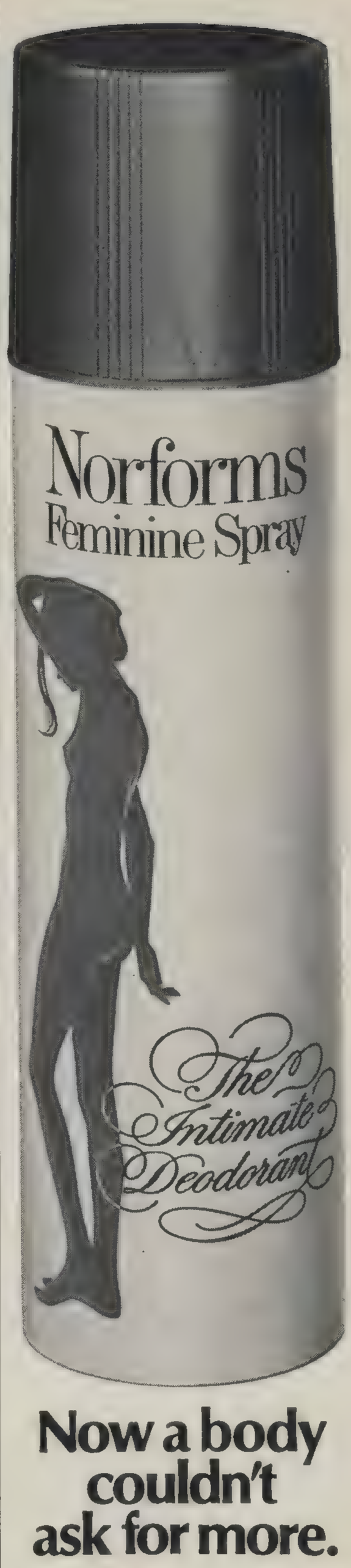
It was the 'forties when we fell in love. I was playing Chicago and staying at Ernie Byfield's Hotel Ambassador East. One morning the phone rang. "Miss Gordon, this is Somerset Maugham, I'm stopping at this hotel and should like to see something of you."

"Would you like to come to the theatre tonight? It's a celebration of my having been on the stage twenty-five years. Alexander Woollcott is doing a radio broadcast after the second act."

"Delighted," said Maugham.

I was delighted, too, and the press agent went right around the bend! After the performance

(Continued on page 179)



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Six-week study-tour. Boys & girls, 14-18. Intensive three-week Spanish course at fine Language Institute. Tour of Oaxaca, Yucatan, Chiapas. June-August 1971. Our 7th year. For information: **John J. Hill, IV, 1018 West Valley Road, Wayne, Pa. 19087.**

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FRENCH SWITZERLAND OR DENMARK
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THE FLINT SCHOOL ABOARD 156' TE VEGA
Sailing Seminar: 10 days Bahamas to Bermuda. Pre-Oceanographic study programs, high adventure, and/or 10 wks. summer sailing to Tangiers, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Côte d'Azur; land tours to Paris, Switzerland, Munich, Rhine Rv. Coed, 9-19. Limited family cabins. Write: **6656 So. Trail, Sarasota, FL 33581.**

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Summer study and travel in Europe and the Middle East for young people between the ages of 15 and 20. Twelve programs of Language Study or Life Style. Comparative Cultures, Russian Studies, Mediterranean Cruise, Scandinavian Cruise, Scandinavia, France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Austria, Russia, Greece, Israel. Instruction by European professors; chaperones are carefully selected U. S. secondary school teachers. Academic credit. From $1035.

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Ages 8-18. Colorado Mountain ranch, beginner to advanced horsemanship, pack trips, swimming pool, most ranch & camp activities. Purposeful but relaxed program, optional summer study, nurse. **V. F. Arnold, 1668 Cranshire Ct., Deerfield, Ill. 60015.**

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53rd year. Coed. Chimney Rock, N. C.
2-4-8 weeks. English riding, swimming, pool, skiing, sailing, riflery, archery, tennis, art, folk music. Reading, Tutoring. Guitar optional.
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An unforgettable adventure in international understanding for boys and girls 6-12, fostering the interchange of ideas and customs among American and European children. Four weeks of learning and fun. French is absorbed through daily association, lessons, games, sports and excursions. Located in picturesque Provence region near Avignon France. Experienced American and European bi-lingual staff.

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The American School in Switzerland
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Tele: (212) 988-5462

Boys' & Girls' Camps

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Family Vacations on Vermont lake.
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A summer of fun and friends for boys & girls, 8-16. June 27-Aug. 21. 360 acres. Riding, riflery, swimming, sailing, water skiing, golf. Canoe trips. Crafts. 4 wks. $350, 8 wks. $600. Catalog: Write: **Jim Spiro, Dir. Box 1020, Colora, Md. 21917.**

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Boys' Camps

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Fun & adventure for boys 7-18. Six groups. 2 lakes near Old Forge. Mt., Adirondack, Canadian Canoe trips. Sailing, forestry, natural sci., riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature councilors. Nurses. 46th year. **Wm. H. Abbott, Box 2375, Fayetteville, N. Y. 13066.**

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on the Ocean for boys 7-17.
Six weeks—June 27-August 7.
Three major programs—recreation, academic, music.
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Directors of schools and summer camps listed in this issue will gladly send you full details on their curricula and programs.

NAMEQUOIT—CAPE COD

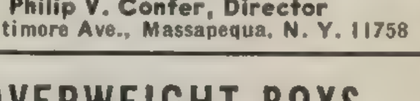
160 boys, 8-15; 4 age groups. On salt-water bay and fresh-water lake. Orleans, Mass. Fleet of sailboats, swimming, canoeing, fishing. Tennis, riflery, baseball, gymnastics. Tutoring. 56th year. Catalog. **Brooks G. Thayer, Orleans, Massachusetts 02653.**

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Non-medical Trim-Down camp for boys 8-18. Complete sports & physical fitness program at one of best-equipped & staffed camps in the country. Re-education in eating habits. Winter follow-up program. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Directed by Lloyd O. Appleton, Ph.D., nationally known authority on physical education & former member of 2 Olympic teams. Same owner-management as Camp Stanley for Overweight Girls. Accredited by ACA & Assn. of Private Camps.

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Catalog. Box HC, Wayne, Pa. 19087

To help you

Listed in Vogue's School & Camp Directory are both schools and summer camps. Write to the places which interest you, mentioning Vogue; your letter will receive special consideration. Heads of schools like to know the proposed entrance date, age and grade at present, course or courses preferred. Directors of camps appreciate receiving information on age and desired activities.

Girls' Camps

CAMP STRAWDERMAN
In Shenandoah Valley. Real camping on farm in foothills of Alleghenies. Riding, swimming, hiking, crafts, dramatics, nature study, Indian lore, dancing, music. Girls 6-18. Experienced leaders. Cabins. 8 wks. **Margaret Hoffman, Box V, Woodstock, Va. 22664.**

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CAMP BRY-WOOD
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57th Season!
80 Girls, 6 to 16 years old.
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Half a mile of private shore with protected coves and sandy beaches. Pollen free area. Spacious cabins accommodate ages 6-17. Outstanding direction and leadership of basic team sports and individual activities. Exceptional waterski instruction. Extensive riding program. Sailing, Music, Theatre, Tutoring. Excellent food. Resident nurse. Brother camp nearby. Member ACA. **Elinor V. Neuffer, 45 Lime Kiln Rd., Suffern, N.Y. 10901.**

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Author, "Help Your Child Lose Weight"
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Girls' Camps

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Mrs. Chase Schaetz

Girls' Camps

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Personal attention to individual development of girls 6-16. Positive influence of capable staff. Balanced program. Sailing, waterskiing, all waterfront activities on private lake. Land Sports. The Arts. Brochure.
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Individual remedial reading, writing, spelling and study skills for 40 normal, intelligent boys 9-17 yrs. Excellent recreational facilities. Riding, swimming. In Alleghenies, Pa. **Mrs. D. H. King, Kildonan School, Box 139, Solebury, Bucks Co., Pa. 18963.**

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Unusual summer program combines active sports with good grooming, posture and poise. A marvelous experience on beautiful campus. Activities include swimming, sailing, boating, water skiing, horsemanship, fashion shows, dances, beach and theatre parties. Guest celebrities. Art, music, academic subjects—how to study. **FRENCH PROGRAM.** Girls 11 and up. June 27 to August 14. *Write*
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SUMMER SCHOOL programs designed for individual needs. High School Credit or enrichment courses available. Classes do not exceed three students. Individual instruction is given where indicated and desirable.
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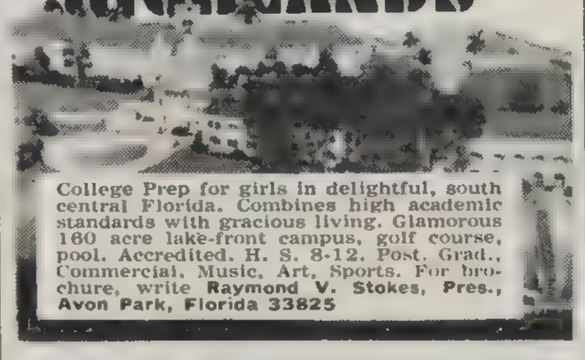
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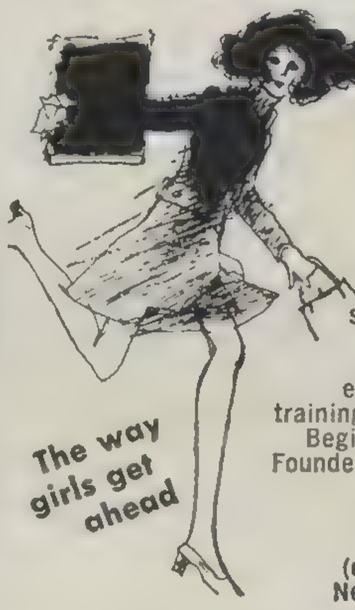
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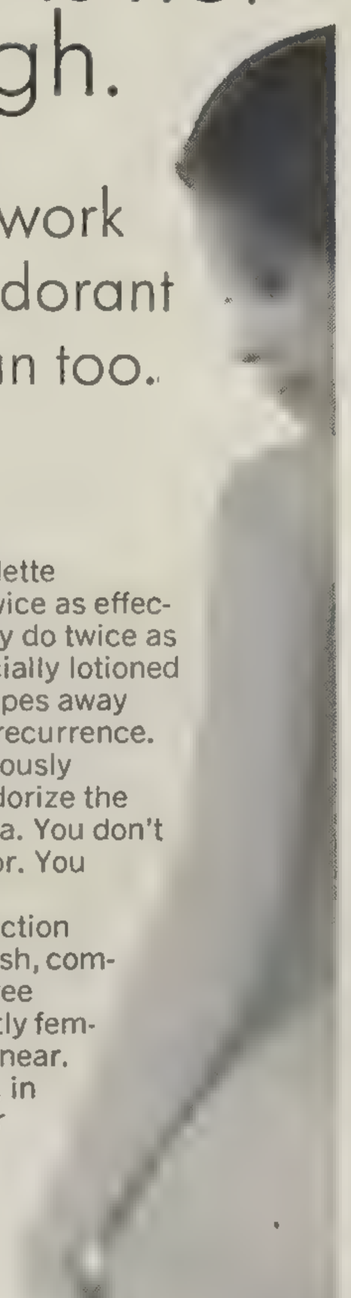
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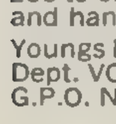
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VITAMIN C

(Continued from page 131)

acid, that are normally present in the human body and are required for life is to be preferred to the treatment by the use of powerful synthetic substances or plant products, which may, and usually do, have undesirable side effects."

Kent: The use of very large amounts of vitamins in the control of disease is one aspect of orthomolecular medicine. Is the replacement of genes another?

Pauling (hesitates): Y-e-s, that might represent a little expansion in the term—but it is hardly available as yet. Twelve years ago, my associates and I tried to treat a congenital disease in rats by introducing the genes from normal rats. That experiment failed. It was a little too simple.

Kent: Is one of the purposes of your book to introduce the idea of orthomolecular medicine to the public, and, in this way, to influence medicine from the bottom up, so to speak?

Pauling: Well, it may be. But the main purpose of the book is to tell the truth about vitamin C.

Kent: I have the impression from your book that you are hostile to the health-food advocates. Yet, without your training, *they* had been urging the use of large doses of vitamin C long before the publication of your book.

Pauling: I'm *not* hostile to them. You might say that I'm hostile to people who sell ascorbic acid at one hundred times the proper price. And I criticize those who mislead their customers by suggesting that ordinary ascorbic acid is different from natural vitamin C.

Kent: Is there an advantage to taking synthetic ascorbic acid rather than vitamin C from natural sources?

Pauling: I haven't stressed that—except to say that so-called synthetic ascorbic acid is less expensive. But suppose you were allergic to orange juice—then you better not drink orange juice.

Kent: Is your espousal of orthomolecular medicine a deep criticism of conventional medicine? Do you think that medical research is off the track?

Pauling: No. Of course, it's too bad that doctors are not so interested in the vitamins as they used to be. But I think that a lot of interesting medical research is going on. I said in 1963 that I thought it would be much better if the four billion dollars [spent] a year for the space race were used for biology and medicine, for studying the human body and the vectors of disease—and I still think that.

Kent: More money for the same medical programs? Would more money necessarily buy anything without new directions in biology and medicine?

Pauling (scolding her harshly): It's *nonsense* to suggest that money doesn't buy anything. We have tens of thousands of highly trained technicians and scientists out of jobs now. There's a move to appropriate a billion dollars more a year for cancer research. Good!—if cancer research is broadly interpreted. And the twenty-two billion dollars that are supposed to be saved next year by the decreased activity in Viet Nam ought to be put into the area of public health. (Without a further word, the ostrich is up and off.)

PICASSO, BRAQUE

(Continued from page 125)

pices of Matisse and the Fauves. But though he was tall, dark, and famous for his physical strength, he was severely classical and temperate in his painterly tastes and temperament. The Fauve aesthetic perturbed him and he was looking for a less demoniac view of art. "Les Demoiselles" stood facing the wall, still in progress; Picasso kept adding, changing, flattening for years. (To this day, it is more like a poet's work sheet than a finished poem.) Braque was allowed to see it, and, though he was shocked at first, he went home and soon after began his own first nude that probed the same possibilities Picasso was exploring. The following year—1908—a critic named Vauxcelles earned himself a modest immortality by complaining that Braque was "contemptuous of form, reducing everything—sites, figures, and houses—to geometric schemes, to *cubes.*"

Picasso and Braque soon became very close friends, and from 1910 to 1912 they worked in unison and in intimacy and mutual trust that are virtually unique in the annals of painting. Creating anything is so solitary and non-gangbang a business that any form of collaboration is rare. Where it has flourished, it has usually been between two artists working in separate mediums: Strauss and Hofmannsthal, or Stravinsky and Auden. Picasso and Braque were both painters; and, although they did not share the same canvases, they certainly thought of themselves as on the same quest, solving the same painterly problems, mapping the same unknown country. They were, Braque once told his friend Douglas Cooper, "rather like two mountain climbers roped together. . . ."

For a time they did not even sign their respective pictures, so that it can not today be said which of certain Cubist works are by Picasso and which by Braque. They worked with the anonymity of mediaeval cathedral builders, and at the least their relationship amounted to a "marriage of true minds." Among other things, they were ideally matched astrologically, Picasso being a Scorpio and Braque a Taurus, and Picasso would playfully refer to Braque as his "wife," or more appositely, as *"mon cher Vilbure,"* that is, Wilbur Wright, who with his brother Orville had pioneered in the collaborative development of the airplane.

The summer of 1911 they spent together, working and experimenting in the Pyrénées. Braque mixed sand with his pigment; Picasso pasted a piece of cloth to a canvas, painting over and around it to make the first collage. Their iconography was the same—intimate, personal, daily things: pipes, musical instruments, letters, newspapers, friends' faces, the views from the studio windows. Somewhere along the way they were joined by another young Spaniard, Juan Gris, who also moved into the Bateau Lavoir and whom Braque waspishly called *"la fille soumise,"* the submissive daughter of their ménage.

Looking back from the 'sixties, Stravinsky said that he did "not believe in movements but only in talented individuals, not in 'Cubism' but in Picasso and Braque and Gris." His view is probably the wisest, certainly the most realistic, the least concerned with myth or public relations. On the other hand, the prestige of an agglomerate of paintings and sculptures, ideas and legends called Cubism has been vast and

ramifying. Apart from cross-fertilizing the early work of such otherwise non-Cubist painters as Joan Miró or Robert Motherwell, not to mention Jasper Johns and a whole generation of anonymous admen, it had a part in Apollinaire's "*calligramme*" poems, in which the words are arranged to impart pictorial as well as verbal value.

And then, entirely beyond the arts, there was the unpredictable influence Picasso himself recognized one bitter cold evening in the winter of 1914-15. He was walking down the Boulevard Raspail with Gertrude Stein, and "all of a sudden" (as Gertrude recalled it decades later) "down the street came some big cannon, the first any of us had seen painted, that is, camouflaged. Pablo stopped, he was spellbound. *C'est nous qui avons fait ça,* he said, it is we that have created that. . . . And he was right, he had."

Meantime, inevitably, there were camp followers and imitators. The earliest of these were major contemporaries of Picasso, such men as Léger and Derain, who only paused briefly to see what was happening, and who then moved on into their own separate ripenings.

Douglas Cooper, as loving and meticulous a historian as Cubism has had, sets 1912 as the year it all began to wane. Picasso was thirty, Braque twenty-nine. Very soon the First World War would separate them forever. As a Frenchman, Braque went into the army; as a Spaniard, Picasso remained in Paris. Meantime, a number of Picasso's 1912 paintings included a newspaper headline which, intended as an homage to his love of aviation, also became an inadvertent valedictory to the passing of a great collaboration: "*Notre Avenir est dans l'Air.* [Our future is up in the air.]"

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LORDING IT

(Continued from page 173)

Ernie Byfield gave a beautiful party at the Ambassador East, with my name frozen in silver ice, and silver twenty-fives all over everything but the guests. Mr. Maugham signed everybody's napkin and dollar bill and program, waiters' paychecks; and I liked him very much! It still wasn't love, but I liked him.

A week later Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne opened in Chicago. My phone rang next morning. "Darling." It was the celebrated voice of Lynn Fontanne. "Darling, Mr. Somerset Maugham is staying in our hotel."

"I know," I said.

"Darling, tonight is New Year's Eve and Alfred and I think it would be a good idea to have supper up here in our apartment and invite Mr. Maugham. Will you come, dear?"

"I'd love to, but I have Jones and my secretary and. . . ."

"Bring them and you ring up Mr. Maugham."

"Me?"

"Yes, darling. Ring him up and invite him."

"But, Lynnie, let's be practical. We stand a much better chance of getting him if you or Alfred ring up."

"Well, perhaps you're right, darling," and she rang off.

I told Jones and my secretary of the great event and rushed to the beauty parlour.

Under the dryer, I felt a phone thrust at me. "Darling." It was the celebrated voice of Lynn Fontanne. "Darling, I've been trying to ask Mr. Maugham, but I've taken a fright! I can't get up the courage. I've met him, of course, but it was so long ago he may not remember me. *You* do it."

"But, Lynn, it's after three o'clock. Anybody as celebrated as Mr. Maugham must be *booked* for tonight."

"Don't give up so easily, darling! Alfred and I *both* say *you* should ask him," and she rang off. I got out from under the dryer and rushed up to my room, reached for the phone, then thought, "If Lynn Fontanne is scared to, why aren't I scared?" And I was. So I wrote a beautiful letter, sent for a bellboy. "Take this to Mr. Somerset Maugham's room," I said. "Do *not* leave it at the desk and here's a dollar." Now, a dollar in 1941—and I'm not a mathematician—but wouldn't a dollar in 1941 be the equivalent of four hundred and three tax-deductible dollars today? Pleased with myself, I lay down to wait for Mr. Maugham to call *me*. An hour passed. An hour and a half. I got up and went down to the lobby. "What is the number of Mr. Somerset Maugham's room?" I asked the clerk, and the silly man told me! I looked in his letter box and *there* was my letter. That beast took my dollar and didn't deliver my letter! Well, Chicago's a rough tough town.

I returned to my room. "Operator," I said, "connect me with Mr. Somerset Maugham." A charming British voice replied.

"Mr. Maugham, this is Ruth Gordon."

"My dear, how nice of you to call."

"Mr. Maugham, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne hope that you will have supper with them tonight in their apartment here in the hotel and celebrate New Year's Eve."

"Alas," he said, "I'm going to the opera with Mr. Byfield and going on to his party at the Opera Club."

"Oh dear," I said. "They will be so disappointed. And so will I. It's been a sort of horrible mix-up. Lynn was to phone you earlier, but she got scared you wouldn't remember her. . . ."

"I'm old, but I'm not in my dotage," he said.

"No," I said. "Lynn *wanted* to ask you, but she was too frightened. But happy New Year and it's been lovely to talk to. . . ."

"Miss Gordon, I've changed my mind. Please tell Mr. and Mrs. Lunt I shall be delighted to take supper with them."

That evening he charmed us all. Alfred, Lynn, Dickie Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet. Lynn said he was the sexiest man she knew, save for Alfred. With me it was true love. The evening ended at two A.M. when Mr. Maugham crossed the Lunts' sitting room, bowed to Jones, eleven years old, and said, "I think all of us under sixteen and over sixty should now retire."

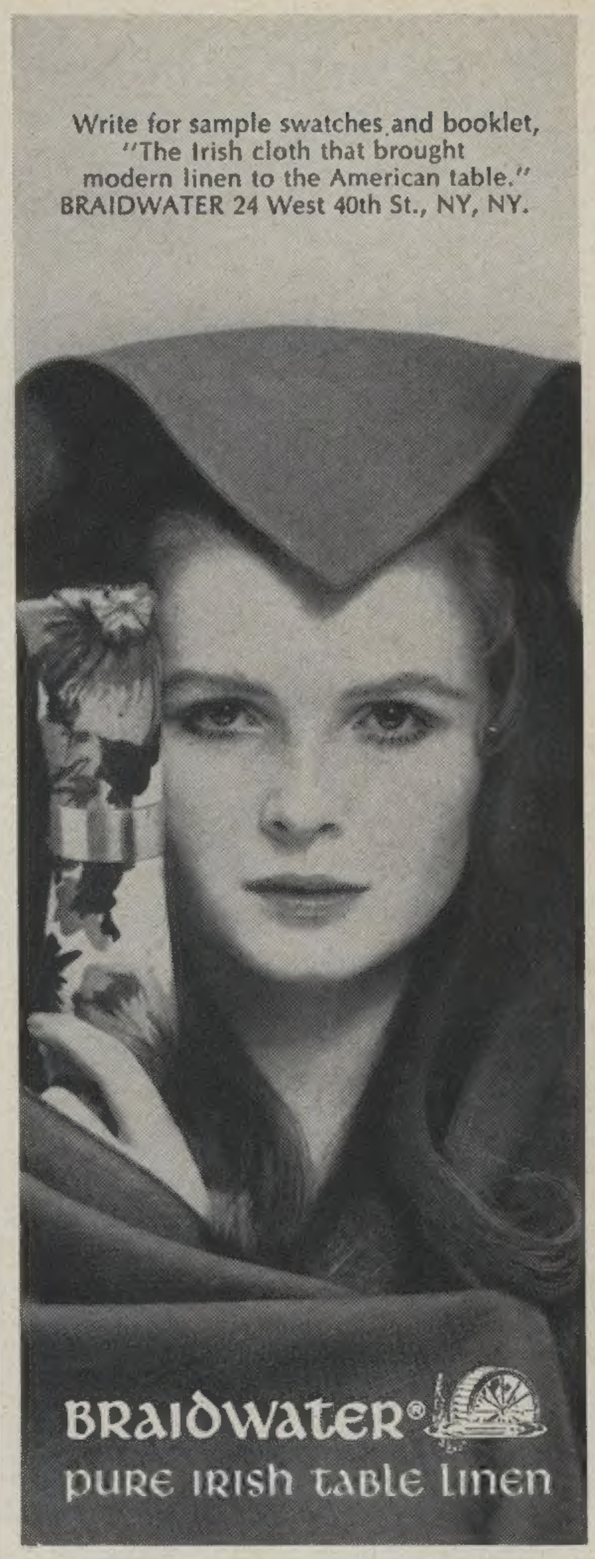
The next morning there was a letter from him, delivered by a *good* bellboy.

Dear Miss Gordon,

You are as sweet as you are good and kind. Happy New Year. W. S. M.

1 January, 1941

Did that take long?



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a pretty woman needs all the help she can get

(Continued from page 118) *pot-pourri on low tables in the drawing room. A man could get carried away. . . .*

Lift it away. All right, you're not ready for the Big Lift, but if you have a naggy sag at the jawline or under your eyes, copy several memorable beauties by braiding your hair tightly at the temples or pulling it back at the nape. It does a spectacular job for an evening.

Arch conspiracy—turns out to be a deal between your feet and the dear old telephone directory. Cover the book with a towel, sit with your feet on top of it, toes dangling, and keep picking the towel up with your toes. Give it about ten minutes a day for optimum benefits.

Master stroke—is only fitting for the skin he loves to touch. And if you've ever rubbed perfumed bath oil into your body, you know the scent is more potent than perfume itself . . . besides, it leaves a lissome, tempting surface.

You'll love yourself in the morning—if you shift your pillow into a slippery nylon-satin case. There's a minimum of resistance to your hairdo, so if you comb carefully before popping into bed, you're likely to wake up looking rather groovy.

By gum! Needless to tell you, this is one drill to be done behind locked doors, but we found, via a scrumptious-looking actress, that chewing gum is a non-pareil jaw exercizer. Makes for trimmer under-chin line, plus a pleasing all-over facial mobility.

Fish and chaps. Nothing keeps a girl looking her best like a happy husband. Keep his bounce high and his cholesterol low with frequent fish feasts. Even men who think they're anti, melt like butter in the presence of stripers, sole, or snapper done up with herbs, lemon pepper (new and ecstatic), fresh lemon, and fennel.

Cold comfort. Anything in your refrigerator that doesn't contribute to a more entrancing you is a heedless waste of space. Grapefruits and oranges charge you up with Vitamin C (and a grapefruit for dessert with every meal is one shortcut to a tidy middle). Watercress is an iron mine. Chilled and moistened tea bags help de-puff your eyes, beaten egg whites do a nifty, for-the-moment job of erasing wrinkles, and lemons are an encyclopaedia unto themselves, what with bleaching, hair rinsing, even stain removing. One of the world's great knockouts rubs her hands with lemon juice every night at bedtime—a nifty she picked up when she was modelling in Rome. Ice makes a formidable astringent, and masque recipes for faces, throats, and shoulders are swapped all over Europe. One ravishing number likes to use honey, another swears by oatmeal, and they all agree that nothing tones up the neck like yeast made into a paste with lukewarm water.

Morpheus descending. True understanding is what one person who finds it hard to get to sleep gives to another. The clock ticks furiously. The air conditioner whines. The automobile horns are lethal. A friend, whose bloodlines trace directly back to the princess-and-the-pea, offers this: a cup of hot bouillon, a crispy-thin cracker, and three loved and familiar discs on the recordplayer. She says she has never stayed awake past the Elvira Madigan *movement of Mozart's 21st.*

Blend an ear. Now that we're back to showing our ears again—and about time—a smooch of rouge on the lobes is extremely beckoning. Same pinking is provocative all around the hairline and in the hollow of the throat—reflects, in some mysterious way, a rosy radiance all over your face.

Rule of tum decrees that some of the trendiest girls around are into belly-dancing lessons (practising like mad around the house, natch). Turns out to be wonderfully tautening for middle, thighs, bottom, and other points of interest. Also much spillover of sensuous grace in walking.

The yolk's on you. This comes from one of the savviest hair experts around: For the second go-round when you shampoo, substitute two egg yolks beaten up with a teaspoon of rum for the usual soaping. It's like an infusion of pure protein, and should turn the lights on in even the crankiest hair.

Mist-ifying Situation. Contrary to what your European buddies tell you, it is not necessary to live on the Scottish moors in order to have a glossy, nectarine-type skin. The solicitous hum of a friendly home humidifier is assurance that the crackle-dryness of your dwelling is being wholesomely moisturized at all times. (This does not let you off for a single day on moisture creams, however.) Your antique furniture will be grateful as well.

Tea for two. The tisane, or herbal tea, is much valued in France where it is believed to contain an infinity of powers, such as calming the nerves, aiding the digestion, clearing the skin, brightening the eyes. A health-food shop will provide you with linden, verbena, dandelion, or red clover, among others, to make into a steaming and fragrant infusion and serve up in your Havilland cups the next time you and your chosen one are spending an evening alone together.

Stand up and cheer—and do it while you're working. The standing desk is suddenly a cherished number with all the girls who agonize at the thought of spreading their derrieres and scrunching their middles over the usual sedentary arrangement.

The pursuit of happiness. The potent of all beauty stratagems statements is your smile. It warms, it encourages, it thrusts sweetly to the heart. It also causes you to appear instantly prettier. Any woman who permits herself to get too rattled or too cross-patchy to smile should go to Bermuda until the mood passes.

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